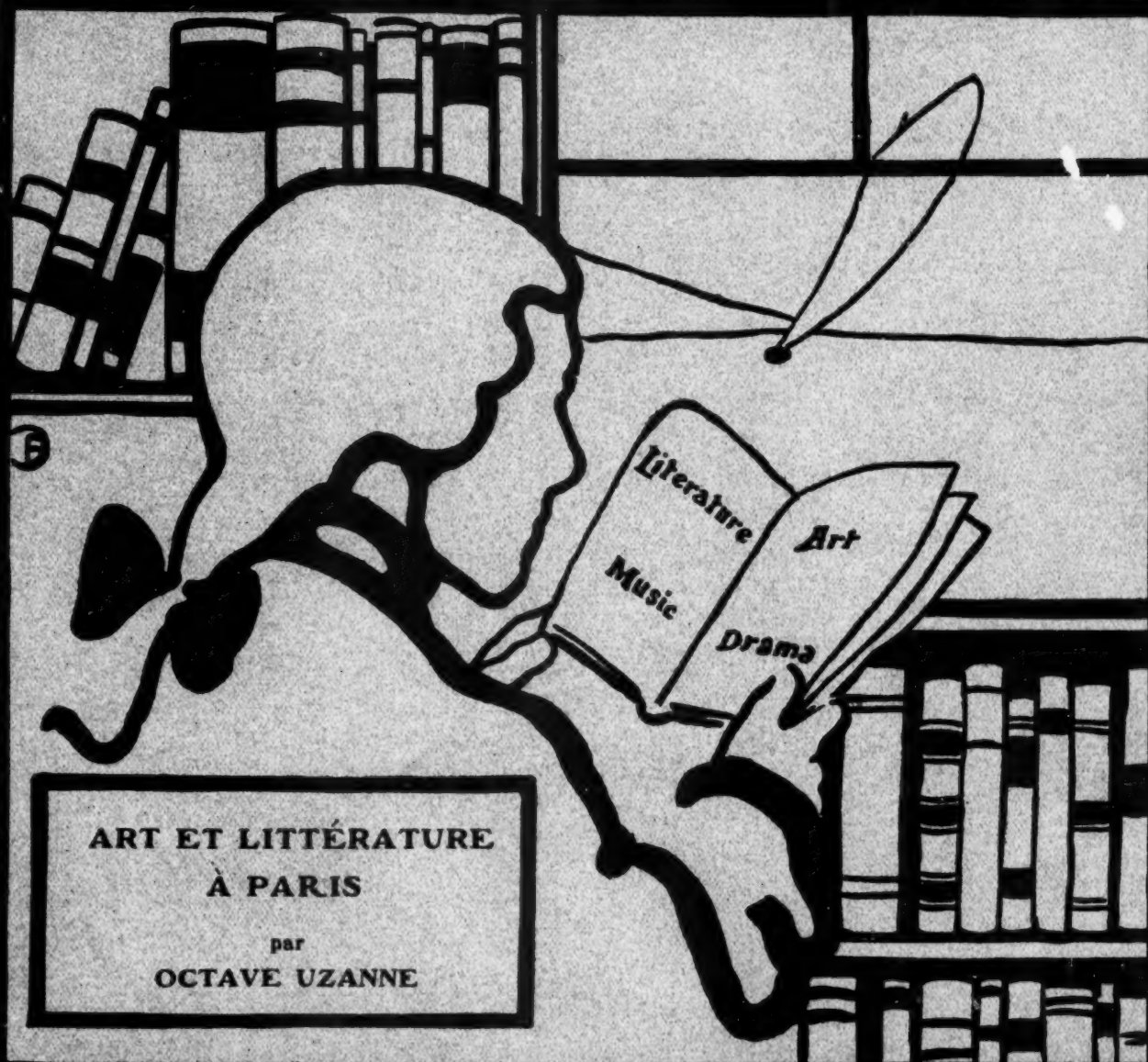


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Edited by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE



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## Literary Notes and News

**A**N adequate "life" of Sir Arthur Sullivan is at last to be given us. Within a week or two from now, the Unicorn Press is to issue a biography of Sir Arthur from the pen of Mr. B. W. Findon, his nephew. By virtue of his close relationship, Mr. Findon has been enabled to include in his volume many "personal" facts of the highest interest.

It is said that Mr. Herbert Spencer is to be awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature (£8,000). It is to be hoped that this is true, for surely no man better deserves it.

A SMALL collection of newly-written stories by Tolstoi, entitled "King Assahardon of Assyria, and Other two Stories," will shortly be issued by the Free Age Press. It will have as frontispiece the latest portrait of Tolstoi on horseback. By request of the author the profits are to be devoted to the families of the Jews massacred in Russia. The translator is M. V. Tchernoff, a personal friend of Tolstoi. The price will be sixpence.

THE foundation stone of the Shakespeare Memorial at Weimar has now been laid, and it is hoped that the unveiling will take place next summer. The site is in the park behind the so-called ruins, near the Liszt monument.

MOMMSEN'S works form an entire library: a catalogue of them would contain more than a thousand entries beginning with the "De Collegiis et sodaliciis Romanorum," 1843, and ending with the "Römisches Strafrecht," 1899. This would not of course include the very numerous articles on topics of the day contributed by him to newspapers and magazines.

MOMMSEN had sixteen children, of whom twelve are living. His eldest son sits in the Reichstag for Dantzig. Another son is a physician.

THE first volume of the third edition of Wundt's "Ethik" has just been published, the second volume is in the press and will be out in a few weeks. The author has revised the whole and in many places has made additions. Indeed the second part is almost entirely rewritten. The first edition of this work appeared in 1886, and the possessor of it, if he would be abreast of modern thought, must now purchase the new edition. That is the worst of what De Quincey called "the literature of knowledge"; in the "literature of power," happily, there is no change, we do not need newly-revised editions of "Hamlet" or the "Faerie Queen."

HERMANN HEIJERMANS, the author of the drama "Hoffnung" produced with so much success last year by the Stage Society, intends to leave Amsterdam, and settle in Berlin for a time.

THE first volume of a translation of the writings and sermons of Meister Eckehart (c. 1260-1327), the great German mystic, has just been issued by the house of Diederichs. Eckehart's works are very rare. His teaching influenced later religious mysticism and speculative philosophy in a high degree, and his place in the history of German thought is not unlike that of Dante in Italy. Eckehart was a great preacher and the creator of German prose. The aim of his new editor and translator, Herman Büttner, is, so to speak, to take him from the libraries of the learned and make him accessible to all.



MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

[Half-tone Block: John Sicaia and Son Farringdon Street.]

It is strange to find a German man of letters blaming his countrymen for what we usually praise them—their liking for aesthetic criticism and their interest in literatures other than their own. In an article in "Der Zeitgeist," the supplement to the "Berliner Tageblatt," Otto Ernst complains that the Germans of to-day are fanatical theorists in matters of art, that they cannot and do not regard a work of art for its own sake, but endow it with an "ethical, religious, patriotic, historical, geographical, scientific, grammatical, and rhetorical purpose," and that they

"prefer French, English, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Croatian, and Bosnian authors to their own." Ohnet, Kipling, and Mark Twain, he declares, are more pleasing to the German reading public than Storm, Fontane, and Raabe; Ibsen looms larger in the German theatre than Hebbel, Kleist, Grillparzer, or Anzengruber; even Maeterlinck, Strindberg, and D'Annunzio are of greater importance. But there is much to be said on the other side and we doubt if Otto Ernst could prove all his points. Ernst is the author of several dramas that deal with abuses in German schools and in German journalism.

MR. T. W. H. CROSLAND is now revising the proofs of a satirical poem entitled "Resistibres." This skit, which is written, of course, in the metre of "Hudibras," will be one thousand lines in length. It deals very broadly not only with the question of Passive Resistance, but with the attitude of Nonconformity in general toward law and order. The work will be uniform in appearance with Mr. Balfour's pamphlet on the fiscal question. Mr. Crosland has been commissioned to write a serial for the "Gentlewoman," and he will have an article of interest to Londoners in the "London Magazine" for January.

MR. DOUGLAS AINSLIE, whose poem, "John of Damascus," met with much appreciation, is now at work on a new long poem which he will call "The Epic of the Stuarts." Mr. Ainslie is the nephew of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

MRS. STEUART ERSKINE has revised the last proofs of her elaborate life of Lady Diana Beauclerk. I have had the privilege of inspecting several of the plates, lithograph, half-tone and coloured, which are to be included in this work. The reproductions are certainly excellent, and I do not think that art connoisseurs, at any rate, will grudge the two guineas which Mr. Unwin is charging for the book. Lady Diana Beauclerk, although admired and fêted by contemporaries, is now quite forgotten by the general public: although her talent and the peculiar grace of her style are admired and acknowledged by experts. Her industry must have been unflagging. She decorated rooms, illustrated books—Dryden's Fables and Bürger's "Leonora"; drew portraits of her friends, and sometimes caricatures, designed for Wedgwood, and worked for Bartolozzi. Amongst the pictures reproduced in Mrs. Steuart Erskine's volume are certain family portraits, the originals of which are in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough, the Earl of Pembroke, Earl Normanton, the Dowager Countess Claremont and others. There is also an interesting literary side to Lady Diana's career. She was in constant intercourse with Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Fox, Gibbon and Goldsmith. Her first husband was Frederick, Lord Bolingbroke, and she married, secondly, Topham Beauclerk. All these facts will be found duly presented in Mrs. Steuart Erskine's volume, which, besides containing a critical appreciation of Lady Diana's work, is intended to afford a picture of her life and environment.

It is not generally known that the wire "cages" which have lately become a feature of many booksellers' outside shelves are intended as a protection against theft. Booksellers, I learn, are particular sufferers in this respect. One would hardly have suspected it, seeing that books seem hardly adapted to convenient barter and are certainly of no use when boiled down. Books are not intrinsically valuable, but in these days of big discounts, when the "thirteenth to the dozen" so often affords the bookseller

his sole chance of profit, the loss of even a single volume is a matter of consideration. These depredations appear in many instances to be committed by well-dressed persons of the "kleptomaniac" class; but in many instances the professional gentry are not above directing their attention to the bookstalls. Not long since, a well-known bookseller in the neighbourhood was unlawfully deprived of a whole stock of magazines which rested on the counter outside his shop. All attempts to discover the author or authors of this theft proved fruitless. Some few years ago a bookseller in Manchester, who had provided himself with three hundred copies of a shilling almanac illustrated by Kate Greenaway, was gratified to find his stock exhausted almost within a week. He was subsequently visited by a would-be purchaser who tendered three-pence and demanded as many copies of the almanac. In response to the bookseller's protest, the customer informed him that copies of the almanac were being sold at that moment in Piccadilly—Piccadilly, Manchester—at a penny apiece. Enquiry not only proved this statement to be quite correct, but elicited the fact that the books in question were the stolen property of this very bookseller. It is pleasing to learn that the book-thief does not always get off scot free. Mr. Bumpus, of Holborn, captured a thief only six months ago, and he went to hard labour. Another thief was caught red-handed in Fleet Street even more recently. But, somehow, these cases do not get into the papers.

PROFESSIONAL thieves appear to have little sense of the literary congruities. A gang of four recently made an attempt to rob the till of a London bookseller. One of the confederates was told off to engage the only assistant in conversation at the door. The confederate in question was dressed like a bookmaker's clerk and he asked for a copy of "Browning's Poems." This of course put the assistant on his guard. If the knave had asked for a racing calendar his victim would have suspected nothing.

AN interesting work in connection with the fiscal controversy is about to be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. This volume, which is edited by Mr. W. H. Massingham, will be entitled "Labour and Protection," and is to consist of articles by well-known writers on "labour" subjects. The contributors in question are Messrs. John Burns, Thomas Lough, G. J. Holyoake, J. A. Hobson, B. S. Rowntree, G. N. Barnes, W. H. Dawson, and Miss Rosalind Nash. The price of the book will be six shillings.

M. GEORGES BRANDES is writing a History of Modern Danish-Norwegian literature, but no date has yet been fixed for publication. Since 1899 the writer has been engaged on the issue of his complete works in Danish; thirteen volumes have already appeared, the fourteenth is in the press, and the whole will make thirty-four volumes. A German edition and a Russian are also appearing. Surely a record!

MRS. NORA CHESON is at work upon a volume of poems and short stories of a fantastic nature, the title at present being "A Lift on the Road." The same writer anticipates bringing out with her husband a book of Flower-Poems.

AQUILA KEMPSTER, author of the new novel of Hindu mysticism and romance "The Mark," worked on board an English sailing vessel in Indian waters, where the doctors had sent him as a youngster for his health. He lived seven years in the native India of Kipling.



Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, the artist-naturalist and author, who is also one of the best paid lecturers in the world, has completed his first long story for boys, entitled "Two Little Savages," illustrated with more than three hundred new drawings. The story is of two boys who lived in the woods, became acquainted with animals, birds and things, learning the fascinating secrets of Nature and woodcraft. The suggestion for this book came from the letters that boy-readers of his magazine articles wrote to him. No less than fifty bands of "Seton Indians" were formed during the past summer in various parts of the country, modelled after Mr. Seton's "savages," and the writer's correspondence with the tribes amounted to fully one thousand letters of advice on matters of woodcraft, telling the young braves of something to do, to think about and to enjoy in the woods. A rugged island in a wooded lake of his private estate and wild animal preserve in Connecticut was turned into a large camp with real tepees, canoes, and paraphernalia; and here boys who presented themselves at the gates with no other introduction than that they were "Seton Indians" were taught to take care of themselves, to light fires by rubbing dry sticks, and the ways of the woods by the big chief, who visited them daily. "Two Little Savages" is a sort of "Robinson Crusoe" life of American boys.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK are issuing—in their series of "Beautiful Books"—"Oxford," the illustrations in colour by Mr. John Fulleylove; "War Sketches in Colour," by Captain St. Leger, and "Cruikshank's Water Colours," with introduction by Mr. Joseph Grego. The same firm have also ready Sir Walter Besant's "London in the Time of the Stuarts."

Is shilling fiction doomed? The booksellers do not appear to be in complete agreement on the subject; but there seems to be consensus of opinion that the "shocker" type of book has been killed outright by the sixpenny reprint of good standard novels. There seems also to be a general opinion that the usual format of the shilling novel militates against its chances of a wide sale. The book purchaser seems to be actuated more than is generally supposed by the question of quantity. Why should he pay one shilling for an hour's reading—even though its quality be admittedly good—when for sixpence he can obtain a work of at least equal merit which will last out thrice the time? Some booksellers point to the shilling reprints of Miss Mather's "Barn Wildfire" and Conan Doyle's "Duet," and assert that such is the size and shape in which shilling works of fiction must henceforth appear.



Mrs. STEVENSON AND HER SON LOUIS IN 1854

[*"From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond"* (Methuen).]

Mr. ORME ANGUS is now revising the proofs of his next novel. This, like the preceding volume from his pen, will be a story of peasant life in Dorset. The characters are, perhaps, somewhat less "sympathetic" than those in "Sarah Fielden," but equally true to life. The main theme of the book has reference to the demoralisation that arises from a sudden access of fortune to poor working folk. Mr. Angus has also completed a series of short stories of village life. The first of these will appear in the "Sunday Strand" for January.

Mr. HAMILTON DRUMMOND has completed a new novel, to be published through Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. in the spring. This book, as yet unnamed, is, so far as Mr. Drummond is concerned, a new departure. It is a detective story upon new lines and in it the author has made a serious attempt to combine literature or a literary "feeling" with the interesting detective element. This and a few short stories complete the present tale of Mr. Drummond's literary undertakings. Mr. Drummond describes himself as a slow worker. If this be so, it is not surprising, seeing that he is a director of half-a-dozen successful companies. Slowness of production, in view of the present state of the book

market, does not in any case call for apology. It is of interest—pathetic interest—to note that Mr. Drummond was recently robbed of the complete MS. of a novel. He re-wrote the story, and there is no doubt much truth in his statement that only those who have had to re-write, travelling over old ground but uncertain whether this or that was the better, can appreciate the terrible drudgery of the task.

Mr. H. J. GLAISHER will shortly publish "The Great Folk of Old Marylebone," by Mrs. Baillie Saunders. The work is a social history of bygone Marylebone, introducing chapters on Dickens, the Brownings and Charles Wesley, with many local anecdotes about them as yet unpublished, and illustrations by the author.

"SONGS OF LOVE AND LABOUR" is the title of a volume of Poems by Sir William Allan, M.P., which will be published immediately by S. C. Brown, Langham & Company, Limited.

LORD ROWTON, Lord Beaconsfield's literary executor, died on Monday last. He was born in the year 1838, and as "Monty Corry" was Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary. It has long been matter of comment that as yet no prospect has been held out of the publication of the long-looked-for

Life of Disraeli, and it remains to be seen how the work will be affected by Lord Rowton's decease.

THE new series of Cassell's National Library starts well with "Silas Marner," the introduction being provided by Mr. Stuart G. Reid. The volumes are neatly bound in cloth, clearly printed, and the price a mere sixpence. Few lovers of letters can be unfamiliar with the National Library, started in the year 1885, and all will welcome the old volumes and the new in their fresh garb. There are many series of reprints of British Classics, but none more handy or more adequate than these excellent little volumes. Are Messrs. Cassell reprinting the Shakespeare volumes? If so, I would suggest the provision of new introductions of a purely historical and bibliographical character in the place of the rather "talky" forewords written by Professor Henry Morley.

THE sudden and regretted death of Sir Herbert Oakeley will not, we are glad to hear, very greatly delay the issue of Sir Herbert's Autobiography, already mentioned in these columns. The manuscript is in the hands of the writer's brother, Mr. Edward Oakeley, by whom it is being prepared for the press. It has points of interest quite apart from the prevailing musical element.

## Bibliographical

SUCH a book as "The Collected Poems of Lord De Tabley," just issued by Chapman and Hall, is the despair of the bibliographer. The contents appear to have been thrown together anyhow. There is no attempt at any order, chronological or otherwise—no endeavour to classify or group. The two long metrical dramas, "Philoctetes" and "Orestes," come somewhere near the middle of the volume, preceded by short pieces and followed by short pieces. The proper order, of course, in a work of this kind, is the chronological, so that we may trace the evolution of the poet's mind. Next best is to take the writer's successive volumes, and reproduce from them such pieces as he desired to preserve. For the present collection six of Lord De Tabley's publications (apart from the Dramas) have been drawn upon—the "Eclogues" (1864), the "Studies in Verse" (1865), the "Rehearsals" (1870), the "Searching the Net" (1873), the "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical" (1893 and 1895), and the "Orpheus in Thrace, and Other Poems" (1901). There is, however, no indication, in the text, of the volume to which each piece originally belonged. There is not even a bibliographical Note; and, wisely, perhaps, no editor's name appears upon the title-page. We have, however, at the end, a selection from the "press opinions" passed upon all Lord De Tabley's verse-books except his first. The "Orpheus in Thrace" volume appears to be reproduced practically in full; so, it would seem, is the second volume of the "Poems Dramatic and Lyrical." In the case of the "Eclogues" eight pieces are rejected, in that of the "Studies" five, in that of the "Rehearsals" fourteen, and in that of "Searching the Net" six. Altogether, the winnowing has been done with a gentle, perhaps too gentle, hand. The drama called "The Soldier of Fortune" remains un-reprinted, and is, I suppose, to be regarded as definitely abandoned by its author.

In Sir Frank Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences" I find the following passage about the late Mr. Percival Leigh: "Long ago his wit had bubbled over and pretty well exhausted itself in 'The Comic Latin Grammar,' a great favourite with the boys at my second

school, and one quotation from it at least was popular with my tutor, Gifford Cookesley, at Eton, namely—

When Dido saw Æneas would not come,  
She wept in silence and was Di Do Dum."

It will be news to most people that this couplet, which hitherto has always been attributed (with variants) to Porson, was the invention of Mr. Percival Leigh. As a matter of fact, we come upon it in E. H. Barker's "Literary Anecdotes," under date May 7, 1837: "Porson, as a Mr. Charles James of St. John's College said, bet a wager that he could make a rhyme to anything; it was proposed that he should make a trial of the Latin gerund in dum, when Porson said:—

Dido found Æneas did not come,  
Dido wept, and was Di-do-dum."

When the great Prince to Dido did not come,  
She mourned in silence and was Di-do-dum."

In J. Spence Watson's "Life of Porson" (1861), the couplet takes the now generally accepted form of—

When Dido found Æneas would not come,  
She mourned in silence and was Dido dumb."

Any way, it is clear that Mr. Percival Leigh did not invent the little *jeu d'esprit*.

The late Mrs. Louisa Parr, though at one time a popular, was by no means a fertile writer. She came into notice in 1871 with "Dorothy Fox" (reprinted in 1880) and "How it all Happened, and Other Stories." Then came "The Prescotts of Pamphillon" (1874), "The Gosau Smithy, and Other Stories" (1875), "Adam and Eve" (1880), "Robin" (1882), "Miss Hazel" (1884), "Loyalty George" (1888), "Dumps and I" (1891), "The Squire" (1892), and "Can this be Love?" (1893). Mrs. Parr's last piece of literary work was, I believe, the memoir and criticism of Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock), which she contributed to the volume called "Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign" (1897). This was reprinted in pamphlet form in the following year, and is, I fancy, the only biographical celebration that Mrs. Craik has received.

The announcement of yet another reprint of Lover's "Handy Andy" recalls to one the remarkable popularity of that work, which appears to be in no way affected by the passage of time. Last year, for example, the story was issued by two firms, at 3s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. respectively. In 1901 there was an edition at 2s. In 1898 there were two editions, one at 6d. and the other at 6s. That year also saw the re-issue at 2s. 6d. of an edition (illustrated by H. M. Brock) which had been published in 1896 at 3s. 6d. In 1897 there had been a three-penny reprint, and in 1894 an edition at one shilling. Not a bad record for a single decade.

Another classic of which there is to be a cheap reprint is the "Rejected Addresses" of the brothers Smith. This, if I remember rightly, has not found a new publisher since it was issued in 1894, in a "Pocket Library," at sixpence. It had been preceded in 1890 by a reprint of "The Tin Trumpet" of Horace Smith—a little book which is much less well-known than it deserves to be; there are some genuinely clever and entertaining things in it.

The promised "Life and Letters of the Rev. T. T. Carter" will, of course, be welcome to many. Very little is generally known of the personality of that celebrated divine, who was at one time so very much in evidence in Church affairs. A little sixpenny brochure concerning him appeared last year, but had no importance. The "Life of Emile Zola," which Mr. Ernest Vizetelly proposes to give us soon, had necessarily to be written, despite the volume produced by Mr. R. H. Sherard just ten years ago. Mr. Vizetelly has already told for us the story of the experiences of "Zola in England" (1899).

THE BOOKWORM.



## Art et Littérature à Paris

**L**e vieux savant, Th. Mommsen, qui vient de mourir à Berlin, avait coutume de dire que "le monde semble bien petit et misérable aux yeux des hommes d'étude qui n'y voient que des écrivains grecs et latins, des couches géologiques ou des problèmes de mathématiques."—J'estime au contraire que, pour les écrivains modernes qui regardent la vie contemporaine avec l'avidité d'apprendre, de voir et de juger tous les événements, le monde littéraire moderne, à ne regarder que lui seul, prend un aspect considérable. Il n'est point d'homme épris de spéculations intellectuelles qui ne se désespère de ne pouvoir embrasser et maintenir dans ses connaissances toute l'étendue du royaume des lettres à l'heure présente.

A Paris, aussi bien qu'à Londres, à cette saison de l'année, où chacun revient prendre part à la vie combative des idées, il semble impossible de se tenir véritablement au courant de tout ce qui s'imprime en tant qu'œuvres de fiction, d'histoire, d'esthétique, de sociologie et d'érudition. Il n'est point moins difficile d'accomplir de quotidiens pèlerinages vers toutes les expositions de peinture que les jeunes artistes des nouvelles écoles font ouvrir sur tous les points de la métropole. Quant au théâtre, il faudrait chaque soir, en ce début d'automne, assister à l'interprétation d'œuvres inédites dans le domaine du drame, de la comédie, de l'opérette ou du vaudeville. Les hommes d'imagination, pourrait-on dire, se sont multipliés à un tel degré qu'ils en sont arrivés à causer du surmenage même aux oisifs et aux imbéciles. Pour peu que cela continue les producteurs dépasseront en quelque sorte les consommateurs. La sélection s'impose de plus en plus.

Dans les quelques notes que je puis fournir ici mensuellement sur l'art et la mentalité française, je ne ferai que mentionner les œuvres les plus importantes qui s'offriront à la critique, laissant de côté les innombrables séries d'ouvrages de valeur secondaire qui ne valent vraiment pas d'occuper une place chaque jour plus limitée dans la presse contemporaine si prodigieusement envahie et sollicitée.

L'événement capital dans le monde littéraire parisien, ces derniers jours, fut incontestablement la mort dramatique du poète Maurice Rollinat qui était en quelque manière le meilleur disciple de Baudelaire et le plus étonnant évocateur de la personnalité intellectuelle d'Edgar Poe.\*

Maurice Rollinat ne peut être évidemment fort connu en Angleterre. Sa poésie ardente, maniérée, chargée de néologismes, d'une expression démoniaque et funèbre, n'était point de celles qui se puissent transposer en une autre langue. Ceux qui ne peuvent le lire dans le texte original doivent fatalement renoncer à apprécier à son mérite ce chantre des hallucinations, des frissons, de la peur et de la mort. Les livres qu'il publia eurent un assez grand succès en France et plus particulièrement son recueil poétique intitulé "Les Névroses" qui contenait des pièces d'allure macabre et des visions d'au-delà excessivement originales et très saisissantes. Cependant, il faut remarquer cette particularité assez exceptionnelle que le poète Maurice Rollinat avait surtout laissé à tous ceux qui le connurent personnellement la plus ineffaçable impression.

Son œuvre poétique ne prenait toute sa valeur, ne se trouvait haussée jusqu'au sublime que lorsqu'il l'interprétait en personne. Ce fut le plus extraordinaire acteur et chanteur de ses rythmes poétiques. Rollinat avait en effet composé, d'instinct et en dehors de toute règle et technique musicale, des mélodies qui exerçaient sur

l'esprit de tous ceux qui les entendirent leur magie souveraine. Quand Rollinat se mettait au piano, son auditoire tout entier était agité de frissons ou figé dans la stupeur ou l'extase. Il dégageait de sa propre personnalité, de son aspect fantômal et diabolique, de ses vers étonnamment angoissants et de sa musique sans comparaison aucune avec quoi que ce soit dans le passé ou le présent, une impression tellement intense qu'elle était à jamais fixée dans la mémoire. La tête fort belle tenait le milieu entre celle de Beethoven et celle d'un Paderewski dont la blondeur de crinière et de moustache se serait transformée en un noir profond. La mort de Rollinat a précisément bouleversé le monde intellectuel par cette raison que l'œuvre ne survivra probablement point à l'homme surprenant qui la faisait vivre et l'exaltait par son art. Depuis vingt ans, ce poète démoniaque s'était retiré loin de Paris, en pleine campagne, dans le Berri. George Sand était sa marraine et lui avait prédit la destinée bizarre qui fut la sienne. Malgré l'éloignement, cela est à noter, Maurice Rollinat vivait impérieusement dans la pensée de tous ceux qui l'avaient vu, connu et admiré. C'était un spectre aimable, terrible, fantastique et qui n'abandonnait jamais ceux qu'il avait empoignés. Sa mort causa comme une commotion de deuil sincère dans les lettres françaises. Il a laissé plus d'émoi profond, plus de tristesse sincère que le plus grand poète, Hugo compris, par ce fait que son *individualité fut excessive* et d'exceptionnelle expression et que son art de dire et de chanter ses vers fut indicible, inexprimable, d'une beauté de geste, de voix, de profondeur humaine qui bouleversait l'âme des auditeurs en y agitant d'incroyables tempêtes.

Les théâtres de Paris renouvellent presque tous leurs affiches successivement. C'est le moment où l'on attend tout des jeunes auteurs. Malheureusement, l'évolution théâtrale est lente et il nous faut accepter encore bien des vieilles formules dramatiques car le public n'aime point à être dérangé dans le confortable de ses habitudes et sa mentalité ordinaire. Madame Sarah Bernhardt vient de faire son apparition sur son théâtre dans un drame de M. Philippi qui obtint un grand succès sur un théâtre de Berlin et qui est intitulé: "Jeanne Wedekind." Il s'agit de l'histoire d'une femme qui, pour sauver son fils de la prison, laisse condamner à sa place un innocent. La pièce est plutôt médiocre, bien que solidement construite. Elle appartient au genre mélo-dramatique qui est plutôt apprécié du gros public populaire. Elle dégage peu d'émotion réelle. L'intérêt résidait surtout dans son interprétation par Madame Sarah Bernhardt qui, pour la première fois,—depuis plus de quarante ans qu'elle est sortie du Conservatoire—se décidait enfin à aborder le rôle d'une mère. Je dois à la vérité de dire qu'elle n'est pas entrée sans quelque timidité et avec une coquetterie un peu énervante dans la peau d'une quinquagénnaire. Elle a arboré sur ses cheveux blonds un minuscule petit toupet de fils argentés, sans oser crânement se coiffer d'une perruque poivre et sel. Madame Sarah Bernhardt a remporté un succès moyen, ce genre de succès neutre qu'on ne refuse point à celles qui ont consacré leur gloire par un constant effort et qui semblent devoir vivre jusqu'à leur heure dernière avec le tribut viager d'une constante renommée. "Jeanne Wedekind" deviendra pour elle une honorable pièce d'exportation.

OCTAVE UZANNE.

\* See also the English Appreciation on page 538 of this issue.

## Reviews

## A Wide Survey

L'EUROPE ET LA RÉVOLUTION FRANÇAISE. Sixième Partie.  
Par Albert Sorel. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 8 frs.)

M. SOREL's great work grows apace. In the earlier part of this year he gave to the world Part V., dealing with the period of the Directory; and now there appears Part VI., entitled "Le Trêve—Lunéville et Amiens (1800-1805)," while next year will see the completion of the *magnum opus* by the publication of Parts VII. and VIII., dealing respectively with the Continental Blockade (1806-1812) and the last coalitions together with the Treaties of 1815 (1812-1815). Assuming that publication follows production in the usual way, this represents surprisingly quick work. For M. Sorel by no means limits himself to France and the neighbouring States. From the outset, his survey has ranged over the whole of the international situation. The revolutionary period and that of Napoleon are peculiarly well fitted for such a survey; for, from the beginning of the Revolution to the year 1815, the fortunes of all civilised peoples—as well as those of the South American States, Turkey, Egypt, the Cape of Good Hope, and India—were all successively at stake. In a word, the political situation was panoramic.

M. Sorel's work at once commanded admiration from the skill with which he handled these great and complex themes. While never losing sight of the course of French politics, he yet contrived to interweave in his narrative the chief events of the European States. And this width of survey was never suffered to dim the outlines of men and things. Add to these excellences others that are of value to the student—namely, numerous quotations from contemporary writers and clearness of arrangement—and it will be seen that these volumes must take a high place in the historical world.

The present volume bears witness to the author's literary skill. Characters are sketched with grace and vigour—witness this first part of the characterization of the Czar, Alexander I., on page 123:—

D'une nervosité de jeune femme, avec cet instinct, très-féminin aussi, de tourner à sa gloire, à son intérêt, jusqu'aux élans de son cœur; un idéalisme de surface sur un fond de politique qui s'ignore; rêveur, mais incapable de suivre jusqu'au bout son rêve . . . l'homme qui devait porter le plus de sensibilité dans la ruse et le plus de sensibilité dans le réalisme des affaires.

Events also are usually placed in their true relation. The volume opens with a well-balanced sketch of Anglo-French affairs, shortly before the signature of the preliminaries of peace of 1801; and the author concedes something to the spirit of modern research when he allows that in France the word "peace" spelt "domination." Napoleon held that Holland and Switzerland, Piedmont and Genoa were necessary to the safety of the Republic; as for the Mediterranean, it must be a French lake (page 20).

After making these admissions, it is surprising to find M. Sorel treating the events of the Treaty of Amiens and its rupture in a somewhat narrowly Gallic spirit. The fact is, he has neither worked at the British archives nor availed himself of the latest works setting forth the British side of the case. His quotations and references show his limitations in this quarter. His notice of the effect which Napoleon's encroachments on neighbouring States produced in English opinion and policy is inadequate. So, too, in his account of the results caused by the publication of Sebastiani's report on Levantine affairs. And no one who had mastered the English politics

of the period would speak of Castlereagh, Canning and Wellesley as Irishmen who had been *ralliés* to the British side. Did space permit, we might point to other defects in points of detail. The assassination of the Czar Paul is described with a strange lack of those footnotes and references that are especially needed in an affair of so much mystery. M. Sorel's account leaves the impression that he partly traces the crime to the British Embassy—an exploded theory that he fails to substantiate. This volume, in fact, adds very little that will be new to students of the period, but it sets forth with much charm the facts as already known.

## Memoirs of Yorick

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES, PERSONAL AND GENERAL. By Sir Francis C. Burnand. 2 vols. (Methuen. 25s. net.)

THERE will soon be a small and distinguished band of those who have not written autobiographies; there have ever been and ever will be few who can so write down the story of their lives as to interest and delight their contemporaries and successors. Among these few Sir Francis Burnand can claim a place. Author and readers alike are to be congratulated upon the appearance of these two volumes of Records and Reminiscences, of good nature and good stories all compact. It is pleasant, too, to find the editor of "Punch" in fairly serious mood, as is the case through many pages of his memoirs, for, like so many makers of jests, he often shows at his best when least funny. These volumes give graphic and interesting pictures of many sides of life in the London of the fifties and the following decades, of people, places and events. There is something in these pages almost reminiscent of Pepys; not that Sir Francis is as methodical as the diarist, for he catches his memories as they come; but he possesses the same gifts of touching off a portrait, etching in a scene, conveying an impression. He has much to tell and tells it excellently well.

The "early day" chapters are among the most interesting; hours of childhood and days at school are put vividly before us; we learn to know grandparents, father, uncles and aunts and to like them. The two chapters dealing with the writer's religious experiences are very good, though we cannot accept the pictures of Canon Liddon and Bishop "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce. Of Manning we are given an intimate and quite beautiful picture. As we have said, our author is almost if not quite at his best when most serious. The volumes are full of surprises; a feast of good things in the way of wit and humour, of anecdote and of story, was to be expected, but who would open these volumes with any hope of coming upon an illuminating glimpse of Mr. George Meredith? Walking across the common at Esher with Maurice Fitzgerald (? FitzGerald) in the year—but Sir Francis seldom gives us a date, internal evidence, however, serves to "name the day"—a certain George did not at first appear as he was expected to do. "'Who is George?' I asked. 'George Meredith . . . you know his 'Shaving of Shaglat' and his poems? . . . You must read his 'Richard Feverel.'" Then follows Sir Francis' portrait: "George Meredith never merely walked, never lounged; he strode, he took giant strides. He had on a soft shapeless wide-awake, a sad-coloured flannel shirt, with low open collar turned over a brilliant scarlet neckerchief tied in loose sailor's knot; no waistcoat; knickerbockers, grey stockings, and the most serviceable laced boots, which evidently meant business in pedestrianism; crisp, curly, brownish hair, ignorant of parting; a



fine brow, quick, observant eyes, greyish—if I remember rightly—beard and moustache, a trifle lighter than the hair. A splendid head; a memorable personality. Then his sense of humour, his cynicism, and his absolutely boyish enjoyment of mere fun, of any pure and simple absurdity. His laugh was something to hear; it was of short duration, but it was a roar; it set you off—nay, he himself, when much tickled, would laugh till he cried (it didn't take long to get to the crying), and then he would struggle with himself, hand to open mouth, to prevent another outburst." Do we not see and hear the man? And we are told who was the original of "the wise youth."

It is impossible to realise, except by reading them, the charm of these two volumes, long but yet too short. We walk through the world of art, letters, music, journalism, through the highways and byeways of Bohemia, we tread the boards and chat with the players—all in company of a pleasant, kindly guide, who never allows us to be dull. It is good to know that we may hope—if we are good—for more.

W. T. S.

### "No Officer his Equal"

THE LIFE OF JOHN COLBORNE, FIELD-MARSHAL LORD SEATON.  
By G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. (John Murray. 16s. net.)

MR. MOORE SMITH has already placed his country under an obligation by editing the autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, whose Spanish wife lives in the name of Lady-smith. Now he has given us the life of Sir Harry's greater comrade and friend, the man who earned the name of the best colonel of the old 52nd, the best regiment of infantry in one of the best armies of the world, the man who broke the last charge of the Guard at Waterloo. It is strange that no life of such a man had yet appeared.

The present author of "The Life of Colborne" is not, perhaps, one of the heaven-born biographers, of whom there are few; but he has used many sources of information and taken pains to give a clear and sufficient narrative. Colborne was a born soldier; he went into the army as his natural and obvious vocation, and was as completely military in his ways of thought as the Duke, though without the chilly scorn that kept Wellington apart from other men. The chronicler wisely, and almost of necessity, passes briefly over the early days of his hero, till he was plunged into active service in the mismanaged Helder Expedition of 1799, proving himself resourceful and capable at the first skirmish. Wounded in the head in his first battle, he marched twenty miles before the wound was healed to be in time for his second. He was in at the finish of the Egyptian Expedition and at Maida. It is interesting that Colborne's report bears out Professor Oman's view that even when, as at Maida, bayonets were crossed, the slaughter of the French was caused almost entirely by musketry fire at close range.

Colborne was military secretary to Sir John Moore, and it is interesting to see how fully he defended his chief, and how deeply he grieved for him. But his tolerant fairness and justice was even more remarkable; though he had been a witness of some of the worst blunders of the Spaniards, he never fell into the fault of despising them, which is so glaring in Napier, and which was common to most of the British officers of the time. "The Spaniards," wrote Colborne, "are still my favourites; had they but a tolerable government they would become the finest people in Europe."

I have not space to notice the details of Colborne's later career in the Peninsula or of his governorships in Guernsey, Canada and the Ionian Islands. In the reproduction of his letter about the Crimean War (page 359) there are two bad misprints, Prince Paskievitch's name being printed "Paskicost," and Bourgas "Bomgas."

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the Appendix II., containing Lord Seaton's various accounts of his historic charge on the flank of the Guard at Waterloo. It is hard to reconcile his opinions with the other narratives of the conflict. The advance of the Guard at Waterloo is to military history what the authorship of the Letters of Junius is to political history. It is generally supposed now that the Guard formed a number of squares *en échelon*, the right in front—a vicious formation, but no worse than Ney's other tactical dispositions on that day. Colborne, however, who certainly attacked the left flank of the French by his daring advance, always maintained that his movement came before the defeat of the centre squares by Maitland's Brigade of Guards. Mr. Moore Smith, while accepting the latest theory as to the formation of the Guard, suggests that the left squares, meeting with less opposition and a clearer field, outstripped the right, and that Colborne swung the 52nd on their flank before the centre met the British Guards. It is an ingenious suggestion, but I cannot escape it.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

MY DEVON YEAR. By Eden Phillpotts. (Methuen. 21s. net.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is an accomplished and pictorial writer, who loves Devon, withal, as a son cherishes a mother; and he could not write uninterestingly on his beloved shire. Nor is he like to go without readers. Thanks to Mr. Quiller Couch, Mr. Blackmore, and Mr. Phillpotts himself, this is the day of Devon in literature. Very plainly, he has written the book to please himself; it has been labour of love. In each of these pleasant, divagating essays he takes the aspect of Devon in some given month, making it the text of discursive yet appropriate chat; and follows thus the scenic changes of his favourite county through the rolling year. He is, we think, overmuch given to that inventory of nature which is the pitfall of the "pictorial" writer; yea, from which Richard Jefferies himself was not free. A touch broader and less photographically minute would have been more effective. But he is attractive, for he writes with knowledge, affection and practised skill.

Thus in one essay he treats of the strait horizons and the narrow, clear white light which characterize a Devon February; turning aside thence to the wisdom of facing truth, and ridding oneself of pretty, fallacious theory. In the sequent essay he discusses Devon lanes, and the old tracks from which they sprang. *A propos*, he has some amusing details of the fierce Devonian opposition when McAdam went through the land, making straight the paths. "It was shown that the draining of the roads abolished the agreeable mud, and those familiar pools and sloughs so necessary to preserve the hoofs of horses! Again, where could travelling sheep and cattle refresh by the wayside if there were to be no more puddles?" It would lead to carriages and luxury. Nay, the predominance of the coach-horse would make all agriculturists stop growing wheat and barley, and sow nothing but oats for coach-horses; thus the poor must starve for want of bread. All from the mending of the roads! Nay, it would send the country into the towns. Eighteen people per week passed between York, Chester, and Exeter, and as many thence to London; "which came, on the whole, to the frightful number of eighteen hundred and seventy-two in one year!" Jeremiah, said the pulpit, was against it. "Thus saith the Lord: Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." It might have been rejoined that there was *not* a good way. But there is a good way in Mr. Phillpotts' book, which has all the kindly wisdom of a clever writer talking quietly and leisurely on his favourite theme, for the unstudied disburthening of his mind.

### A Modern History of the Hebrews

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY. By Henry Preserved Smith.  
(T. and T. Clark. 12s.)

THIS new volume of the International Theological Library is an attempt to reconstruct the history of the Jewish people in accordance with the results of the Higher Criticism. At the present stage any such reconstruction is of necessity provisional in character, for the critics, in the results of their analysis of the conflated texts and in their quest of origins, are oftentimes at fault and more often still diverse in their conclusions. It would seem, indeed, that the very clue upon which they have most depended to guide them through the labyrinth may break off short, at least if Colonel Conder is right. That clue, of course, is the alternative use of Jahveh and Elohim as the name of the deity. Colonel Conder tells us that in the Babylonian cuneiform script one and the same sign would represent either of these names or the two in combination—"Lord," "God," or "Lord God." Howbeit he allows that the resources of the cuneiform would also permit of their being distinctly represented. But however that may be, when once the hypothesis of two or more strands woven into a single thread has been suggested, it is almost, we suppose, impossible to read the earlier books (at least) without being forced to the conviction that more than one record has been embodied in this chronicle of the early world. But here we are only at the very beginning of the process by which, to the mind of our generation, the character of the Old Testament and of the history which it embodies has been wholly changed. And if it be urged that the endeavour to construct from the results of criticism the history of the Hebrews should be postponed till criticism shall have perfected its work, the constructive historian is furnished in Dr. Smith's preface with convincing answer:—

The constructive work is itself necessary to the critic. If history is based on criticism, criticism is tested by history. Criticism dates the documents; history arranges the testimony of the documents according to the scheme presented by criticism. If the resulting picture is inharmonious, out of proportion, or unnatural, it becomes evident that the criticism has been incomplete or one-sided. The analysis of the critic must constantly be checked by the historian's synthesis.

At the present stage the business of the latter is mainly to distinguish between probabilities, and the degrees of probability attaching to Old Testament persons and records are indefinitely various. That David reigned over Israel, that Isaiah preached in Jerusalem, these are things, for instance, that can be affirmed with certainty. When we come to the question of the personality of Abraham and the Patriarchs, the historian is tossed upon a sea of more or less plausible conjecture. His business is to reproduce in his picture the lights and shadows, so that the reader may see it as it has been projected on the historian's mind.

It is this that Dr. Smith has tried to do, and, as we think, with conspicuous success. That in this volume of 500 pages there is much to which exception will be taken, that many opinions and judgments are advanced which cannot be accepted as final, goes without saying. The fact remains that the history of the little nation out of which was to arise the Sun of Righteousness is clothed with an added charm of actuality as it is presented in these sane and balanced pages.

### Rather Crusty

THE EVOLUTION OF EARTH STRUCTURE, WITH A THEORY OF GEOMORPHIC CHANGES. By T. Mellard Reade, F.G.S., &c.  
(Longmans, Green. 21s.)

It is not possible to discuss here at length the problems raised and solutions propounded in this highly technical

but most interesting and clearly-written volume. None of us, of course—though we hardly realise it—have anything more than a dry crust to live upon. Nor do many of us expand our sense of time from our brief life-span and seek the past and future history of that crust, nor the causes which have produced it. We are accustomed to find our dwelling-place at night just where we left it in the morning, and theories of "geomorphic changes" are hardly needed to account for so satisfactory an experience. But Mr. Reade has approached the difficult problems of the earth's crust from the scientific standpoint, which faces all time and all existence, and it is perhaps worth noting how to recognise the characteristics of a scientific book written by a scientist for his fellows' reading, yet intelligible to the man in the street if he will but take a little pains. The really valuable literature that goes to make the ever-onward march of science is, to begin with, *not premature*. "Many years' study," says our author. Your serious person follows—more or less—the classical advice to put his manuscript aside for a decade and then to reconsider its claims to publicity. Also your serious author *reads* all that has already been written on a subject before he starts to carve out his own line: and when he quotes his authors he gives chapter and verse. This you will find exemplified here. Also the wise author discriminates sharply and invariably between the facts observed and the conclusions drawn from them. The two things are of totally different value; but in quasi-scientific writing and in ordinary life people will state a thing and its explanation as co-ordinate and inseparable items of information. Yet the fact may be priceless and the supposed explanation a worthless parasite upon it. Lastly, Mr. Reade provides a copious index, and numerous illustrations and diagrams of exceptional lucidity which do not give the impression—another significant criterion—of being put in on the principle of "perhaps it's about time to have another illustration now; there hasn't been one for some time!"

A HANDBOOK OF MODERN JAPAN. By Ernest W. Clement.  
Illustrated. (McClurg.)

IN the words of the author, who for the greater part of sixteen years has been a literary and educational worker in Japan, "this book endeavours to portray Japan in all its features as a *modern world power*," and on the whole very fairly is this aim accomplished. Fairly, for no writer, Japanese or Occidental, could hope to carry out such a task with entire success—the Oriental mind has always been and probably always will be a sealed book to Occidentals; and, on the other hand, no Japanese would be able to write of his own country without patriotic bias. Space will not permit a full discussion of the varied contents of this volume, but a few gossiping notes will serve to indicate its merits and defects. First of all be it noted that the writer is an American of the Americans, as instanced by his naively dubbing Japan as "our rapidly developing *protégé*"! One of the most interesting features of the work is the constant and proper reference to Japanese authorities; thus speaks Baron Shibusawa, the well-known financier and merchant: "The day will come when Japan will compete with the Powers already in the field on all lines of manufactured goods, but this time must necessarily be far distant. The trouble at present is that, while the Japanese can imitate everything, they cannot, at the same time, invent superior things. But the trade of the Oriental countries will come to be regarded as Japan's natural share, and she is already well capable of supplying it." An opinion which would probably be hotly resented if it fell from a European or American pen. When speaking himself Mr. Clement is apt to go astray, not so much in facts as in opinions, as when he accuses the Japanese as a nation of deception, intemperance, and debauchery, which he excuses because they know no better and as due to the "complete failure" of Shintoism, Buddhism and Confucianism!



The chapter on Language and Literature is interesting, and a curious light is shed upon the Japanese mind in its view of Western letters by the list given of popular works, which includes Darwin's "Origin of Species," Goethe's "Faust," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," and Nietzsche's "Zarathustra." Of a certain well-known English dictionary one firm alone has sold over 200,000 copies!

What of the future? A quotation from the *Taiyo* is surely not far wrong: "Japan's mission at this juncture would be to act as the leader to the Asiatic countries in introducing modern civilisation: China and Korea, for instance, can learn about civilisation much faster and easier than from the countries in Europe and America, for they have common systems of letters and to a certain extent of ideas." The future of the East lies in the laps of the Tsar and the Mikado, and a few years may show us who will win. The illustrations are fair, sometimes good, sometimes poor.



"PETTICOAT LANE." Illustration from "The People of the Abyss."

THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS. By Jack London. (Isbister. 6s.)

THE publisher of this volume has thought it necessary to assure us in a long note, part of which is a newspaper extract concerning the author, that Mr. Jack London is no hostile critic, but indeed possesses a great admiration for the typical English character. The author lands in England from California, and buries himself in the Abyss, otherwise the East End of London. "I wish to know how those people are living there, and why they are living there, and what they are living for." The result is "The People of the Abyss." When the author describes the wretchedness and poverty of the dwellers in the East End, superfluous adjectives fly to the tip of his pen, almost tumbling over one another, "noisome," "rotten," "putrescent," "loathsome," until effect is lost in the entire absence of artistic restraint. This is a pity, because an account of how the London poor live and die, as seen by wide open American eyes, should be an interesting and valuable document. The author describes among many things a night he spent in a casual ward, "the spike," among the homeless starving outcasts of London; a night in the streets, ever being awakened from the snatches of sleep by the policeman's lantern; a Sunday morning breakfast at the Salvation Army Barracks. It is a gloomy picture, sickening in its squalor and filth, hopeless in London's inability to feed her own. It is not the East End of the funny story and the comic sketch, but the dwelling-place of all that is unlovely and pitiable.

PALAESTRAS XXIX. DIE GEDRUCKTEN ENGLISCHEN LIEDERBÜCHER BIS 1600. EIN BEITRAG ZUR GESCHICHTE DER SANGBAREN LYRIK IN DER ZEIT SHAKESPEARES. MIT ABDRUCK ALLER TEXTE AUS DEN BISHER NOCH NICHT NEUGEDRUCKTEN LIEDERBÜCHERN UND DER ZEITGENÖSSISCHEN DEUTSCHEN ÜBERTRAGUNGEN. Von Wilhelm Belle. (Berlin: Mayer und Müller. 11s. 6d.)

WE have here a most elaborate and complete study of our Elizabethan song-books suggested by A. H. Bullen's "Lyrics from the Song-books of Elizabethan Times." Belle, however, encouraged by Professor Brandl, has gone

farther and gives here the text of all the song-books accessible up to 1600, beginning with the collection printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1530. Something is

said of the relations between composer and poet, of the lives of the different song-writers, fourteen of whom are mentioned, and of the matter and form of their songs. He prints also the two contemporary German translations of Morley's songs made in 1609 and 1624. The first, printed at Nuremberg and based on the Italian edition of Morley's songs, is a collection of what are more or less original poems in the same style and metre as Morley's, rather than a translation, and is the work of Valentinum Haussman, who dedicates it to his friend Johann von Alvensleben on the occasion of his marriage. A copy of the book is in the Royal Library at Berlin. The second, by M. Daniele Friderici, printed at Rostock, is a veritable translation which he dedicates to his friend Johann Seseman as a new year's gift. In 1627 Friderici published his "Amuletum musicum contra melancholicam." The last song celebrates the most famous song-writers of his time in something the same fashion as Dunbar celebrates the Scottish poets in his "Lament for the Makaris," and among them he mentions Morley.

Also haben durch Musik Kunst  
zu unserer Zeit verdient  
Lob, Ehre, Preis und grosse Gunst,  
Denn Name noch stets grünet,  
Orland, Weiland, Händel, Schandel,  
Marentz, Morley, Viedan, &c.

In a lately published collection of sixteenth and seventeenth century English madrigals with German translations, after Dowland Morley's songs are the most numerous.

ÉTUDES CRITIQUES. Par Joseph Bédier. (Paris: Armand Colin. 4 frs.)

A SERIES of half-a-dozen critical essays on literary subjects, of which the most interesting is that on "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien—est-il de Diderot?" There are very grave doubts on the subject. It was published posthumously in 1830, and for many years no question was raised as to its authenticity. Recently, however, M. Ernest Dupuy found in an old bookshop a manuscript of the "Paradoxe," full of corrections, erasures, and

marginal notes, all written in the hand of Citizen Naigeon. The author of these essays seeks to prove whether or no Naigeon wrote the work, and he brings to his aid his philological experience, his acute critical judgment, and a reproduction of some pages of the manuscript. The final result is not satisfactory. M. Bédier declines to assert that Naigeon was the author, and only suggests that he was, at best, a copyist; but whether he copied from Diderot, from Meister, or from Cailhava must remain an open question. The other essays in the volume include a critical review of Chateaubriand's "Itinerary in America"; an unpublished fragment of André Chenier, and a paper on "l'Entretien de Pascal avec M. de Saci." On the whole a thoroughly interesting and sincerely written book, although the author arrives at no very satisfactory solutions of the literary questions which he examines.

LA FACULTÉ DE THÉOLOGIE DE PARIS, ET SES DOCTEURS LES PLUS CÉLÈBRES. Par l'Abbé P. Feret. (Paris: Picard et fils.)

This is the third volume of a monumental work, and covers the history of the seventeenth century. It was a stirring time for a home of the old learning; on one side and the other there was trouble in the air. Time-honoured abuses were being called in question. There were "interior conflicts" arising out of "shocking inequalities"; there were "external conflicts" with the Barnabites, with the Oratorians. This volume covers the period of the rise and fall of Jansenism, and the battle over the wider principles stereotyped in the word Gallicanism, and in this matter the Faculty seems to have trafficked for a while with the notion of "national" churches against which the far-sighted providence of Rome has always guarded as a fatal solvent of organic unity. The doctrines of the Faculty's "Declaration" obtained, says the present chronicler, absolutely from the end of the seventeenth century to the end of the first half of the nineteenth. But in the contest of Aristotelianism with the novelties of Descartes the Faculty burned its last cartridges on behalf of the ancient learning. In the interests of good morals it took vigorous action against "laxism." In fine, "nowhere," as Bossuet her famous son declared, "has the treasure Truth been

more vigilantly guarded; nowhere do Israel's fountains pour out a saner stream. She seems to be enabled by divine provision with a special grace to hold the balance even and to defend the deposit of tradition."

LOCI CRITICI: PASSAGES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CRITICAL THEORY AND PRACTICE FROM ARISTOTLE DOWNWARDS. By George Saintsbury, M.A. Oxon. (London and Boston: Ginn & Co. 7s. 6d.)

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY must be congratulated on the idea of a very useful work. As he says, the study of Rhetoric, of Literature from a critical and structural standpoint, has lately been much revived in England after a prolonged period of disuse. But accompanying it is no such general knowledge of Latin or, still less, Greek, as might enable students to consult in the original those works which are classically indispensable on the subject. Moreover, these works, ancient and modern, form a small library in themselves. With the aid of America, where (to our shame be it spoken) such studies find a larger public than in the mother-country of English Literature, Professor Saintsbury has therefore compiled a selection of the most practically valuable and indispensable passages on criticism from the works of the chief Greek and Latin authorities, from Dante and the foreign critics of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and English critics from Elizabeth's time to the present day. Living writers are excluded; and of modern foreign critics only Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo are quoted. Space obviously demanded limitations in approaching the nineteenth century. As it is, we are not clear it would not have been better to draw the line altogether before the nineteenth century, the writers of which should be accessible enough to the intelligent student. Both classical and foreign writers are, of course, translated; the selections are made, on the whole, wisely and tactfully; and the book should become a necessity not only to those for whom it is designed, but to many lovers of critical study who have the capacity, without the means, to consult the array of not always very accessible authors it covers.

## Fiction

ODD CRAFT. By W. W. Jacobs. (Newnes. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN we open this volume of short stories and see in the frontispiece the familiar figure of the village constable, who always arrests the wrong man, and the weather-beaten old gentleman who scores off him, we feel that we are amongst old friends again. Mr. Jacobs gives us this time all laughs and no thrills. We have nothing below the surface of everyday life; the life of the sailor ashore and the exercise of nimble village wits. There is nothing so horrible and uncanny as "The Monkey's Paw," and at the same time there is nothing so striking and original. But perhaps it is the genial Mr. Jacobs that we like best after all, with his inimitable stories of Jack Sailor. One of the best stories in the book is the first, "The Money Box." Ginger Dick and Peter Russet give all their money on landing to steady teetotal Isaac to take care of for them and to make them a fair allowance each day. "Old Isaac got a nice respectable bedroom for them all, and arter they'd 'ad a few drinks they humored him by 'aving a nice 'ot cup o' tea, and then goin' off with 'im to see a magic-lantern performance." The rest of the story is concerned with their efforts to get the money back from Isaacs, who allows them eighteenpence a day, "ninepence for your dinner, fourpence for your tea, and twopence for a crust o' bed and cheese for supper," giving them permission to drown themselves in beer with the remaining threepence. All the stories are capital, full of fun and ingenuity. We can say nothing better in praise of this delightful volume than that it is Mr. Jacobs at his best.

GUTTER TRAGEDIES. By G. Sidney Paternoster. (Treherne. 6s.)

THERE have been realistic studies of criminal life published before, but, at least in England, none quite so realistic, none quite so

obviously picked up first hand from the gutter. Indeed, the title quite adequately describes the book. The true story of the life of any one of the inhabitants of "The Nile," that thieves' paradise in Hoxton, where to attain distinction one must boast "masterly proficiency either in pugilism or in the picking of pockets," is inconceivable otherwise than as tragedy. Nor is there any disguising the fact that those who play their part in them are of the gutter. In fact, the reek of the slum is so unmistakable that the tender-stomached reader had better beware of tackling them. Take the story "A Copper's Nark," for instance. There are three actors in this tragedy—Elizabeth Fish, her husband, better known as "the Shrimp," and "Erry the Toff." The scene opens with the return of the Shrimp from a term of imprisonment which he owes to 'Erry and his wife. Like Potiphar's wife she had cast her eyes on the young man, and he has not proved a Joseph. With her husband's return her punishment begins. He kicks out 'Erry, but he makes use of no personal violence to the woman. He merely paints the two words "Copper's Nark" upon the mantel-shelf, and never speaks to her except to utter sarcastic comments upon the physical perfections of her lover. One day he meets 'Erry. The two men come to blows. Then—

Suddenly a shriek of agony thrilled the spectators of the encounter, and the Shrimp, rising, walked hastily away.

Chester sat up, looking stupidly about him, his hand pressed to the side of his head, blood spurting through his fingers. "Ow! Ow!" he yelled, "'E's bin an' bit off my ear."

Fish, taking no heed of the outcry, disappeared into the arch leading to Catnip Alley. He was cool and collected as usual when he entered the room where his wife was sitting.



She looked at him as he entered; there was a flush of triumph in his face, satisfaction was apparent in his gait. He went straight to the fireplace and taking a hammer and a long nail from the mantel-shelf he nailed something firmly to the board just above the inscription he had painted thereon. Then stepping back as if to admire the effect, he remarked to his wife, "Ansome bloke is 'Erry the Toff. That's his ear."

From that day she begins to feel a numbing horror creeping over her. She dares not remove the ghastly souvenir. So a month passes. At last comes a day when she hears her husband briskly mounting the stairs:—

"'E's fahnd 'im again," she muttered.

The Shrimp bestowed one glance upon her as he entered the room. He went straight to the fireplace, took hammer and nail from the shelf and with half a dozen blows nailed a blob of flesh beside the shrivelled ear.

Turning to his wife with a sardonic grin he repeated, "'Ansome chep is 'Erry the Toff, ain't 'ee, Lizar. That's 'is nose."

The horror in the woman's face was profound. But the expression died. The thought of having her lover brought back piece-meal to her in this fashion had been too great. Her face puckered into a smile.

"Yes, 'Erry is 'ansome, 'Erry is," she drivelled, and continued so to drivell until the poor law authorities came to take her away from Catnip Alley.

Opinions may differ as to the desirability of treating in fiction such scenes and such characters as these.

HESPER. By Hamlin Garland. (Harper. 6s.)

MR. GARLAND has a fine subject here and he treats it with intimate comprehension. He has certainly "been there"—in the West; where, on the fringe of civilisation, you find its principles upheld by primitive methods, amid a population of all sorts, mostly bad. But one regrets that, having the subject of industrial combinations and the warfare of labour and capital for his thrilling theme, he should have assumed it to be necessary to twist up with this thread a love story of the conventional kind. It may be said of Ann or Hesper that she is the type of young American woman of whom Mr. Bernard Shaw's young American man remarks: "A woman's mor'l number is higher than a man's, and the purer nature of a woman lifts a man right out of himself and makes him better than he was." This high-toned young lady follows her young and tender brother into the thick of the war between syndicate and individual, shamelessly bent on distracting the reader's attention from more important issues. Except that Mr. Garland has not had sufficient confidence in his real subject-matter to break away from the tiresome convention which requires that every novel shall primarily be a love story, we have only thanks to offer him for a spirited and first-hand study of a strenuous and unfamiliar phase of life.

THE IDOL OF THE TOWN. By William Le Queux. (White. 6s.)

THE NOVEL of Puzzle has a distinct place in literature. Though its appeal to the heart is usually negligible, it is capable of giving peculiar satisfaction to one's sense of form. A critic, whose previous experience of his author was in a novel of surprising crudity, gladly admits that "The Idol of the Town" is not only a great deal better than the novel in question, but has the absolute merit of being a skilful and exciting detective story. It is the romance of a swindler told by himself, and the sentiment of it is seriously that of the burglar and tyrannical coster in Mr. Gilbert's famous song. Thus the heroine (not the "idol") who had been "dressed in the silks of Paquin and Worth, in order to lure victims . . . on the Riviera" was "entirely pure at heart." Tut, tut! says the reader, but is none the less engrossed in the pursuit of one Protean criminal by another, in the reading of messages spelled out of posters on walls, in travelling to the squalid asylums of hunted rogues, in admiring the structural neatness of their plans and with childish pleasure receiving the shock of well-timed disclosures. It is a recognised disservice to summarise the plot of a sensation story. We will merely remark that "Chevalier" Le Queux ('tis thus his countrymen love to "negotiate" his Italian title) demonstrates that Berkeley Square is in the same town as Alsatia. In another edition he should remove an inconsistent statement from page 163.

OVER THE BORDER. By Robert Barr. (Isbister. 6s.)

THE STORY deals with the period of the Civil War, with Charles Rex at Oxford and Cromwell and his entire army occupied in the

doings of one William Armstrong, an inconspicuous Borderer, who traces his "ancestral thieves" as far back as any Engländer. Mr. Robert Barr's reputation loses nothing, if it gains nothing, but there may be some blasé readers who have had well-nigh enough of this particular period in history. Otherwise all the elements of a good story are here: a dashing hero, a beautiful and resourceful girl, and a horse suggestive in prowess of ancestral Pegasus. There are also in abundance defiance of danger, love, and devotion to country. The book is provided with an instructive contents bill. The beating heart urges the puzzled brain through "Assertion," "Recognition," "Majesty," "Exaction," "Ordeal," "Appeal," "Execution." It is only infallible knowledge that carries the reader through "Checkmated," "Entanglement" to "Matrimony," Book IV., chap. ix. This last, truly a remarkable and romantic chapter, taxes to the utmost the credulity of the most ardent of Cromwell's admirers. One wonders only why the girls of the historical novel are so vastly superior to their effete counterpart in latter-day fiction; where is the innocence, the clear-mindedness, and that rare, almost biblical quality of dove and serpent? "Over the Border" makes good reading, and should stimulate many a jaded reader.

CHRISTIAN THAL. By M. E. Francis [Mrs. Francis Blundell]. (Longmans. 6s.)

WE MEET Mrs. Blundell on an unfamiliar field, as "Christian Thal" is a German musical novel. But we have the familiar, felicitous touch in light but incisive character drawing, with environment and atmosphere delicately suggested. The protagonist is typical of his class in the vibrant artist temperament, swayed by capricious moods, but individual in self-confidence, with belief in his power to dominate the world. The evolution of noble character under this assertive self-conceit of the artist is admirably portrayed. Juliet Lennox is strong both in self-surrender and self-repression, and the Professor, her father, is so vividly sketched that we long for a full portrait of the unworldly scholar, so weighted by the undesired inheritance. The minor characters give the relief of gay humour; the polyglot Countess de Galphi is irresistible, and "Bobo," the gaunt, ugly musician, is *bon comerade*, though some of his student shifts in entertaining verge on the farcical. But the power and pathos of the book centre in Aunola. This tragedy queen with her lost voice and frustrated career is a volcanic nature in slumbering menace and sudden explosion, and withal, a passionate woman soul. The musical scores which head the chapters give significant charm to the volume.

HER OWN PEOPLE. By B. M. Croker. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

WRITTEN in the authoress's usual bright vein, full of humorous touches, this story flows along pleasantly and is never dull. The heroine, adopted by a wealthy old lady, is left after twenty years of luxury, penniless. She returns to her family in India, whom she has never seen. To her horror her father's wife and her sisters turn out to be half-caste. She settles down among them, but is never one of them. In the end, her father's wife is convicted of extortion and cheating, and in revenge confesses that the heroine is not her child at all but the grand-daughter of an English peer! After that everything adjusts itself happily.

WINDFALLS. By Robert Aitken. (Morton. 6s.)

A SERIES of sketchy stories of the Cape and South America, many of them of a tragic nature. One of the best is "Brevet-Gentleman Nugent," the story of a polo player who was not quite a gentleman and sacrificed his club for a pair of grey eyes.

## Short Notices

### General

AU GRÉ DU VENT. Par Ludovic-Léon Regnier (se trouve à Paris En la maison des Poètes, 46 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Denis. 3 frs.)

A LITTLE book of very fluent and musical poetry. M. Regnier has a keen sense of cadence, rhythm and melody, and his verse flows with an easy elegance which is deft and fascinating. "Liliane" is an altogether delightful pen-portrait of budding girlhood, as delicate, lifelike and graceful as an etching by Hellen. Another poem, "Pourquoi j'aime les enfants," is as exquisite a set of verses as has been written this many a decade. The volume closes with a garland of rondels dedicated to the months of the year, keeping close to the old form concluding with a *vieux rondel final* of great charm. Altogether quite a notable book of modern verse, pleasantly free from all morbidity and affectation.

THE LOG OF H.M.S. "GOLIATH," 1900-1903. "The Log Series," No. 5. By J. B. Brodie and A. F. Ray. With an Introduction by Lionel Yexley. (The Westminster Press. 4s.)

Who are Mr. Brodie and Mr. Ray? Apparently they are warrant or petty officers, who, serving in H.M.S. "Goliath," kept a diary during her China commission. It is to such intelligent private enterprise that we owe some of the finest stories in the world—Esquemeling's "Buccaneers," Dampier's "Voyages," Hakluyt's immense epic. Like all such records, "The Log of H.M.S. 'Goliath'" deals with action, and with action alone; of description, of any personal impression, there is none. But, these are part of the equipment of the professional writer, and the interest of voyages lies much in the fact that they are nothing but the stories of plain sailormen. Whoso knows their life can figure the rest to himself. Such records are really but raw material, and it is as raw material that they are of excellent value. Hence it is that the interpolated account by a "landsman" of a day spent aboard the "Goliath" is out of place in such a work. It is neither a professional record nor has it any merit of its own.

CONTES POPULAIRES D'AFRIQUE. Par René Basset, Correspondant de l'Institut, &c. Paris, 1903. (E. Guilmoto. 6 frs.)

FOR some time past a most interesting series of folklore manuals has been in course of publication, under the general title "Les Littératures Populaires de toutes les nations," the individual volumes of which have been contributed by all the best known French folklorists, including such eminent authorities as M. Paul Sibillot, Secretary of la Société des traditions populaires, M. G. Maspero and M. E. Pettitot. This volume is the forty-seventh on the list, and treats at some length with popular legends from Africa—North, South, and Central. The author, M. René Basset, is director of the École Supérieure des lettres at Algiers, and has gone about his work in a most systematic and thorough manner. There are, in all, some hundred and seventy stories, legends, and tales, of supremest interest to folklorists and sociologists. The stories are collected from nearly all the well-known storehouses of native manners and customs, and the authorities—French, German, and English—are duly set forth. One noticeable omission, however, appears to be the journal of the South African Folklore Society, published in Cape Town, a rich mine of information on the subject. The well-known works of Dr. Theal, also, do not seem to have been consulted. The stories are divided into groups according to the tribes, and much of the history of the African races may be traced by their folklore resemblances.

ÉCHOS ET REFLETS. Par Paule Riversdale. Paris, 1903. (Alphonse Lemerre. 3 frs.)

A VOLUME of fugitive verse of a somewhat meretricious nature, Mademoiselle Paule Riversdale has the gift of melody and rhythm; her poems have a certain grey charm, and her command of graceful metre is considerable for a young poetess. It were to be wished that the matter of her poetry were of a like standard as its manner.

SURREY. By F. A. H. Lambert. Illustrated by E. H. New. "The Little Guides." (Methuen. Leather, 3s. 6d.; cloth, 3s., net.)

THIS series of little guides is already well and favourably known and the present volume will enhance its reputation. An excellent pocket-book for those who know or would know the delightful county of Surrey.

a BALLADS, by John Masefield. b LYRICS AND UNFINISHED ROMANCES, by Alice Edwardes. ("The Vigo Cabinet Series." Elkin Mathews. 1s. each, net.)

a BRAVE ballads with a fine swing. b Well intentioned rather than well done; in a word, undistinguished.

NOTES FROM A LINCOLNSHIRE GARDEN. By A. L. H. A. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

LOVERS of gardens will love this sympathetic little volume of essays. A pleasant book of remembrances for winter time.

THE ANCESTRY OF RANDALL THOMAS DAVIDSON, D.D. (ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY). By the Rev. Adam Philip, M.A. Illustrated. (Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.)

A STUDY in Scottish genealogy. Interesting and careful. Fully illustrated.

## New Books Received

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Macmillan (Hugh), The Touch of God .....	(Brown, Langham) 3/6
MacLaren (Alexander), Last Sheaves: sermons .....	(Hodder and Stoughton)
Ellicott (C. J.), Doubt and its Remedy .....	(S.P.C.K.) 0/4
Field (John Edward), The Prayer-Book as the Interpreter of Holy Scripture: A Lecture .....	(S.P.C.K.) 0/2
Collins (William Edward), The Study of Ecclesiastical History (Longmans) net	2/4
May (Rev. G. Lacey), Watchful Servants .....	(Mowbray) net 2/0
Headlam, D.D. (Rev. A. C.), Sources and Authority of Dogmatic Theology .....	(Macmillan) net 1/0
Bradford, D.D. (Amory H.), The Growth of the Soul .....	(Melrose) 5/0
Herbert, M.A. (The Rev. Septimus), Glimpses into Paradise .....	(Finch) net 2/6

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Saintsbury (George), The Mermaid Series: Thomas Shadwell .....	(Unwin) net 15/0
Gosset (Adelaide L. J.), Quail Charms, Knots, and Verres. Selected from the Works of George Herbert, 1593-1633 .....	(Walker) net 1/0
Tennyson and the Bible .....	(Grant)
Dinsmore (Charles Allen), Aids to the Study of Dante .....	(Houghton) net \$1.50
Smith (Nicholas), Songs from the Hearts of Women .....	(McClurg)
Rudland (E. M.), Poems .....	(Kegan Paul) net 3/6
Davis (Oswald), The Phoenix Lyre .....	(Kegan Paul) 3/6
Watt (Lauchlan Maclean), The Grey Mother .....	(Dent) 1/6
Akerman (William), Hereward .....	(Elkin Mathews) 5/0
Crawford, C.M.G. (Oswald), The Sin of Prince Eladine .....	(Clapman and Hall) 2/6

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Maxwell (Sir Herbert), The Creevey Papers. 2 vols. ....	(Murray) net 31/6
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Creighton (Mandell), Historical Lectures and Addresses .....	(Longmans) net 5/0
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Johnson (Francis), Famous Assassinations of History .....	( )
Winifred (Lady Burghclere), George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, 1628-1687 .....	(Murray) net 21/0
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Dobson (Austin), Fanny Burney. (English Men of Letters Series) .....	(Macmillan) net 2/0
Hadden (J. Cuthbert), Chopin .....	(Dent) net 3/6
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Willson (Beckles), Ledger and Sword. 2 vols. ....	net 21/0

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Clement (Ernest W.), A Handbook of Modern Japan .....	(McClurg)
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### ART

Way (T. R.) and Dennis (G. R.), The Art of James McNeill Whistler: An Appreciation .....	(Bell) net 10/6
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Detmold (Maurice and Edward), Illustrations to Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book .....	(Macmillan) net 105/0
Furniss (Harry), Our Joe. 50 Original Drawings .....	(Heinemann) net 2/0
Photographs of the Year 1903 .....	(Dawlbarn) net 2/0
Magazine of Art, Vol. I. ....	(Cassell) 21/0
Holme (Charles), edited by, The Genius of J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (The "Studio" Office) net	5/0

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Barry, D.D. (Rev. A.), Is it Nothing to You? .....	( ) 0/2
Transactions of the Rochdale Literary and Scientific Society. Vol. VII. (Clegg) .....	2/6

[Continued on page 544.]



## Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

## II.—Tragedy and Seriousness

THE word tragedy, used in connection with modern plays, has become exclusively associated with costumes of some period, a preposterous bearing on the part of the actors, unmitigated gloom in the plot, and blank verse from the author. The verse is often good—as verse, but it is thin where tragedy may be said to begin—on all the deep minor chords. A warm-hearted listener will wonder why, when there is such a sad story, so much display of emotion, so much dark scenery, and so much picturesque language, he does not feel, in the least degree, moved. Is the fault in his own temperament, or with the poet, or with the acting? I believe that the reason for the disappointment all round is to be found in this fact: the consequences of any action are no longer regarded as eternal or even irremediable; they may be serious—they cannot be everlasting; they may be hard—they cannot be beyond some alleviation. The new view of existence is not exactly cynical—because cynicism is based on some system, at least, of thought or philosophy, but it is flippant. Nothing is supposed to matter very much; the weak may perish; the strong must “buck up.” Hence, for example, the difference between the Italian and the English conceptions of Francesca da Rimini. The Francesca of Dante and D'Annunzio sees an actual burning perpetual Hell before her eyes; she is immortal; her soul will pay for ever the price of treachery and the price of illicit love; there is a horrible grandeur in her bargain; her speech about the fire, in the second act, has an ominous and appalling significance; fire is her element—it can torture but it will never consume her; she loves it—she is drawn towards it, and she smiles, without self-pity, into the encroaching flames. Here we have sin on the majestic scale; we may be afraid of such a woman; we do not despise her, and we realise that her love, while it lacks beauty, has divinity—evil divinity, yet, nevertheless, divinity. In the English tragedy—which has its own gracious literary merits—we wholly miss that sense of a defiant passion and its unending punishment; we are given instead, some pretty love-making, a little excusable deceit, some childish misgivings and a violent revenge. The love seems pathetic; the atrocious murder unreal. We allow the flirtation—can it be much more; the two are so young, so feeble. We cannot accept the butchery—what is it but melodrama? What a fuss! Who cares? What an impossible husband! And afterwards? There is no afterwards; the deluge comes no more. So the audience, to a lively air in rag-time, are played out of the theatre: “Tragedy is a mistake. Things don't happen that way. Are we too late for a hot supper?”

Suppose we have a sorrowful plot taken from contemporary life. Here, at any rate, we need not hurl our minds into the Middle Ages, or load our imaginations with unaccustomed solemnity. The playwright may warn us that his work is a serious business—that is to say it must be taken seriously; he will introduce comic characters, but his protagonists will seldom, if ever, smile, and they will be dreary in the dreariest way if, by some accident in common prudence, they get into some transitory trouble. What happens? In some recent plays of so-called “serious” interest, the spectator's joy is in the secondary characters only: they alone talk as most modern people think; they alone behave as modern people—for the greater part—behave. They are not heroic, but they are conceivable. They do not pretend to feel more than they feel, and their

vulgarity springs freshly from their inmost beliefs; if they ever prayed, their prayers would be as vulgar as their conversation. How many vulgar prayers are offered daily, and simply—petitions for quite ignominious or absurd or trivial things! But vulgarity has a positive imperishable charm; it is sham nobility that is revolting. And sham nobility is the disease of our heroes and heroines in serious drama or fiction. They cry, they faint, they moan, they justify themselves at length; they are artfully driven by their author into dilemmas which a “funny” character would get out of without a single tirade or an attitude—far less a “curtain.” But the need of nobility is in their wires; they must, by some means, be “noble”; they must excite pity and terror for their fate—a fate, which, given to the secondary lovers, would provoke exhilarating amusement. Alas! poor author! His best language and all his reading will not help him. An action cannot be dignified, or be made to seem so, unless its acknowledged responsibilities are great—great for good or great for woe. All the tall talk from classic sources will count for nothing—except transparent and fatuous hypocrisy—if the thought, underlying the deed, be squalid or petty. Thus, the average playgoer, unconscious of his own mental processes, thinks vaguely: “What is wrong here; the situation in this play would be funny at the Gaiety. If Connie Ediss were the woman, and Huntly Wright were the man, I should be roaring with laughter. But here I am depressed. I can't swallow it.”

The point of view in Gaiety comedies is the national point of view; it is neither tragic nor serious; on the other hand it makes no concession to sham nobility, and it does not encourage false ideals. It does not claim to be profound, and lovers of honesty would be dismayed if it tried to soar—for, so far as it goes, it is faithful to the truths of daily experience—whereas our serious plays are not faithful to the truths of daily, or uncommon, experience. Lately, in some large provincial towns, I have seen performances given of a “serious” play, which, in London and in the great cities of America, has had an enormous success, but, where a London audience might have been urged to sentimentality or driven to uncomfortable reticence, the hardy provincials shouted happily; every touch of forced emotion, every line of tawdry rhetoric, met with a guffaw from the men, a titter from the women—best sign of all. They applauded the performers, but they could not accept, with gravity, balderdash.

The point for authors to consider, therefore, in choosing a plot would seem to be this—can they afford to treat its psychology fairly and squarely? Can they say, straight out, what they know? If they cannot, then let them leave it alone. The Connie Ediss and Huntly Wright test seems a sound one. Would these two delicious comedians make the “big speeches” grotesque? It is certain that they could not make the text of D'Annunzio's “Francesca” ridiculous, or the “Agamemnon” ridiculous, or any Shakespearean tragedy ridiculous, or any good Donnay or Sudermann or Hauptmann ridiculous. The text of these masters is widely different but it is infallibly true, in each separate case, to its subject and period. But give a few of our modern “serious” dramas to the Gaiety company, and we should soon understand why we, with the utmost longing to be sympathetic, cannot feel stirred by our most accomplished “emotional” actors in “strong” parts. The “strong” parts are nothing in the world: they are weak mechanisms doing weak things weakly; they are out of drawing and out of tune; they belong to the realm of burlesque, and the tragic Muse herself would smile at them till she cried.

JOHN OLIVER HOPKES.

## Berlioz and Shakespeare

**I**N December next the centenary of the birth of Hector Berlioz, musician, journalist, and critic, will be celebrated both in London and abroad by concerts devoted exclusively to his works. In August last Weingartner conducted at Grenoble (near which place Berlioz was born) a festival in his honour, and a statue of the composer was unveiled. The firm of Breitkopf and Haertel is bringing out a complete and uniform edition of his works, with copious notes, in celebration of the same event. Berlioz is coming by his own.

One point at least in the character of this many-sided man of genius has not hitherto been referred to at any length. It is his profound knowledge and limitless admiration of Shakespeare. There was not one drop of English blood in Berlioz; he was thoroughly French, and, as he says himself: "It is much more difficult for a Frenchman to sound the profundities of Shakespeare's style, than for an Englishman to appreciate the finesses and originality of that of La Fontaine or Molière. Our two poets are rich continents. Shakespeare is a world in himself." Yet he knew his Shakespeare as lover, student, and artist, and his reverence was thorough, whole-souled and sincere. Some part of his enthusiasm was doubtless due to the cult of the prevailing literary school in Paris in the early thirties, which was promoted by Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and Alfred de Vigny, but Berlioz' intimacy with the British poet was far closer than that of the first two of these great names.

Berlioz' first acquaintance with the acted version of Shakespeare came about when an English company visited Paris in 1829, and played "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Henrietta Smithson, whom he afterwards married, being the Ophelia and Juliet. Berlioz went to the Odéon without expecting much, but came away enchanted with the play and the actress. "Tumbling thus unexpectedly into Shakespeare," he writes, "I was thunderstruck." "The prodigious talent of Miss Smithson, or rather her dramatic genius," was altogether too much for his highly-strung nervous and artistic temperament. "Shakespeare literally knocked me up." He could not work for a long time, but curiously enough he was induced to begin composing again by happening on Thomas Moore's lyric, "When he who adores thee," which he set to music as an elegy.

Again and again in his voluminous writings (for twenty years he wrote a weekly musical column in "Le Journal des Débats"), in his letters, and in his criticisms, he quotes Shakespeare with intelligence and appositeness. This obsession, for it was nothing less, directly inspired him to composition. At one time he was haunted by the Juliet lines, "But if when I am laid into the tomb." He put them to music, and in later years incorporated them as the Chorus of Shadows, in unison and octaves, in his lyric drama, "Lélio." In his overture to "King Lear" (Op. 4) Berlioz, who was always an advocate of what, for want of a better word, we call programme music, depicted the agony of the old King, and his love for Cordelia. Again, in the great "Romeo and Juliet" symphony (Op. 17), a dramatic work with chorus, solos, and a prologue in choral recitative, the composer paints the florid love passion, now ascending to hill-tops of hope and anon falling to depths of despair, with marvellous breadth and power. He writes that when he conducted this work in London, it was accorded "the kindest and most brilliant reception."

One of his noblest and most ambitious works, unappreciated at the time, but now known to be a great masterpiece, was his dramatic fantasy, with chorus, "The Tempest," founded, of course, upon Shakespeare. After much laborious rehearsal—for like all Berlioz' compositions, it was orchestrated on a colossal scale—it was brought out

at the Paris Opéra. But fate, as always, was unkind to him; on that particular night Paris was visited by the worst storm and deluge that had passed over the city for fifty years; the streets became rivers; the house was almost deserted; and "The Tempest" within, because of the tempest without, was performed to a couple of hundred folk, including the orchestra.

"Much Ado about Nothing" appealed strongly to Berlioz, especially from the comedy point of view. In 1833 he projected a two-act opera on the subject, but the work was not completed until twenty-nine years later. It was performed in 1862 at Baden-Baden, as a commission from Bénazet, the famous director of the kurhaus and gambling-rooms. The opera was called "Beatrice and Benedict"; it was played later on at Weimar, and as recently as three or four years ago was revived at Karlsruhe under Mottl. Berlioz was his own librettist, and though he treated Shakespeare with a certain amount of reverence, he confined the plot exclusively to the Beatrice-Benedict incident. Benedict is of course the tenor, Beatrice, Hero, and Ursula are sopranos, Don Pedro and Leonato basses.

On more than one occasion Berlioz protests vehemently against any tampering with a masterpiece. "No, no, no. Ten million times no," he says: "you have no right to touch Shakespeare or Beethoven; they do not want the alms of your science or your taste." He abuses Garrick for "improving" Shakespeare, and quotes instances of bad taste in emendations, and he is thoroughly indignant at Voltaire's rude epigram about the monkey with genius. In 1829 he heard Bellini's opera, "I Montecchi ed i Capuletti," at Florence, and was woefully disappointed, not so much in the music, as by the fact that Romeo was sung by a woman, and that Shakespeare was ignored in the libretto.

Yet despite this undeniable love and respect for the poet, he does precisely in "Beatrice and Benedict" that which he deprecates as inexcusable. Either he deemed himself superior to the limitations which he imposed upon others, or else it was an eccentric aberration of genius for which there is no accounting.

## Maurice Rollinat

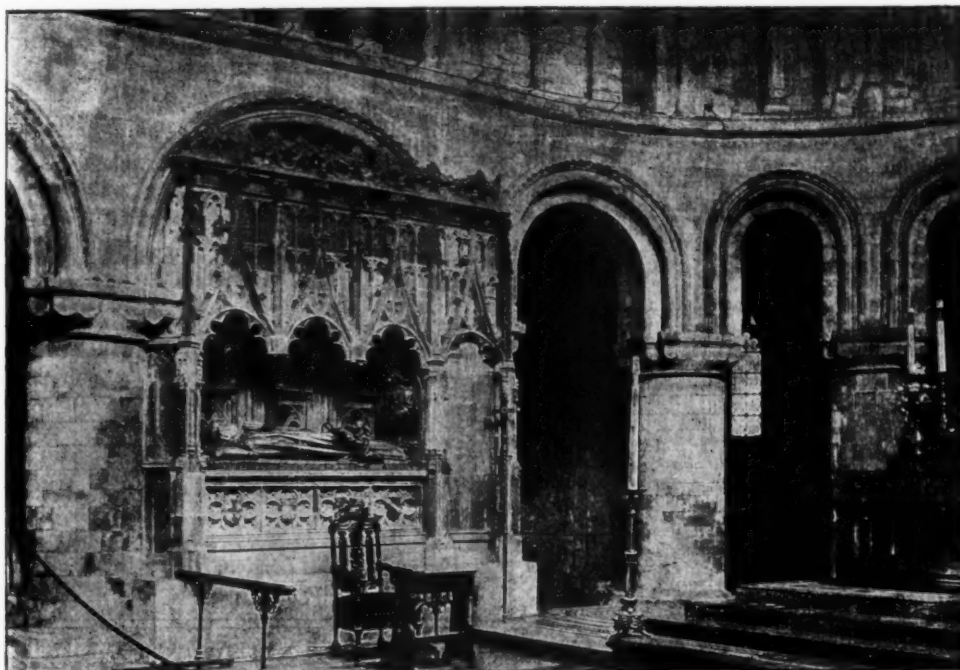
(An English Appreciation)

**A** STRANGE and tragic figure has just passed away through the death of the French poet, Maurice Rollinat, author of the appalling and at the same time unforgettable verses published under the title of "Les Névroses." Maurice Rollinat belonged to the great wave of *fin de siècle* decadence—to the school that seemed to have absorbed into itself all the weary subtlety and cynicism of a century. Maurice Rollinat was not a great poet, but he was an extraordinary and almost unique personality. The influences of Baudelaire, Edgar Poe and the painter Wiertz would seem to have amalgamated to produce him. His poems are the undeviating utterance of a soul different from other souls. They are like a veil drawn back to show a character absolutely natural, but at the same time absolutely abnormal—a character so removed, so macabre and piteous that the onlooker shivers at the revelation made. Maurice Rollinat died mad, but in a measure he may be said to have brought this madness upon himself—for primarily sane, he spent his life rejecting the tranquillities of sanity. From a child one mania obsessed him—a morbid passion for the thing Fear. His imagination was captivated, his whole being enthralled by its looming vastness, its intangibility, its awful power upon the human system. Above all he loved the sudden cold shiver of fear paralysing the body and the unleashed wildness of imagination when whipped out of all reason by dread. As a child it is said he was perpetually doing things to make



himself afraid. He would, for instance, run down at night and ring a great bell, whose sound, clashing in the silent darkness, sent untold Horror quivering through his limbs. And he grew up absorbed by the Mystery of

Tunnel," "Troppmann's Soliloquy" (the famous murderer) and most of the series collected under the heading of "Spectres"; but beauty in some shape or other not even his supreme passion for producing the horrible could entirely



SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON. ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD.

[Phot. Booker and Sullivan, Chancery Lane; Half-Tone Block, John Stein and Son, Farringdon Street.]

Horror, giving himself up to the sinister appeal of its emotion and its inexplicability, until both fastened upon the susceptible matter of his brain and dominated it.

Then, when he tried to throw off morbid pre-occupations and to accept the comfortable surface of life, it was too late. For years imagination had been driven with passionate insistence into one groove and had no longer the power to run in others. Truly, the ghastliness he had so strangely worshipped might be said to have turned and killed him in the end.

Yet, for a time, Maurice Rollinat knew all the glamour of success. Sarah Bernhardt, hearing his verses on one occasion, rose from her seat and knelt to him, publicly expressing adoration for his genius. Not only Paris, but America, declared itself at his feet. His intelligence, however, had already begun to show signs of an anguished disorder. Under medical advice he took a workman's cottage in the country—at Fresselines—and here for an interval he really knew a replenishing and homely happiness. Many of his verses, touching upon the country or natural things, are exquisite in the "inwardness" of their perception. Possibly, indeed, the end might have been different but for the tragic event which climaxed all the imaginary and wilful horrors of his life. His wife was bitten by a mad dog and died a few days afterwards. From that moment Rollinat's own case was hopeless, though to the end he fought with a strenuous courage to retain sanity. His poetry will survive him many years, for even when the subject sickens, the interpretation reveals always the poet's incurable demand for beauty. The beauty is often only in an incongruous elegance of form—in an invidious musicalness of rhythm—as in the poems called "Fear," "The Man Buried Alive," "The

bring him to surrender. The first he sought deliberately, the second seems always like a presence stolen in unawares.

M. BERESFORD RILEY.

## Dramatic Notes

THE personality of Shakespeare is so vague and almost unreal that it is always with a pleasant feeling of something akin to surprise that we are able to associate or believe we may associate him with any buildings still in existence. For myself I have always welcomed Mr. George Wyndham's suggestion that the poet's father may very likely have given "congratulations, perhaps advice" to Burbage on the completion of his theatre on Thames' Bank. It is easy to believe that when Shakespeare first came to London town and probably to Burbage's theatre, one so observant of human nature would soon have made himself acquainted with the more important architectural features of the capital. He must have visited Westminster Abbey and its precincts, the Tower, Crosby Hall, and many another "scene" in his plays. We may be pardoned, therefore, for taking a sentimental interest in the remaining buildings of Shakespeare's London, apart from their age and their many historical associations. We do not know, but it is no far-fetched conjecture to assume that Shakespeare visited Saint Bartholomew's Church in Smithfield, for instance, of which a view is given above.

IN "Scribner's Magazine" for this month there is a thoughtful and suggestive paper by Professor Brander

Matthews on "The Literary Merit of Our Latter-Day Drama." The question discussed is almost as old as the drama itself, but is still full of present interest. "Tennyson and Mr. Jones were aiming at the same target—popular success in the theatre," says the writer, striking the real point under discussion. A play, however literary in form and execution, that does not act well is a bad play; it may be good prose or good poetry, but it is not good drama. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is an expert in the conditions and limitations under which a dramatist works; Tennyson was not. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, as Professor Brander Matthews reminds us, were practical playwrights, men who knew exactly what would and what would not be effective and true upon "the boards"; Tennyson, Browning, Shelley wrote poems, and acted poems are not necessarily plays.

SHAKESPEARE constructed his plays according to the rules of the game as then played; that they contain wonderful poetry is almost an accident; as far as his plays were concerned he was playwright first and poet second. He took care of the scenes and let the poetry take care of itself. The literary form and value of a play is not a mere matter of decoration, it is a question of essentials, as it is with the novel. Sincerity, truth to human nature, that is the first thing; fitness for the traffic of the stage, that is the second: the literary worthiness comes with and cannot come without the truth and sincerity. If our dramatists will give us plays suitable for the stage, with strong, true plots and strong, true characters, the criticaster may still go about calling aloud for a literary drama, but those who really are qualified judges of literature will find their hunger satisfied.

It is more than strange that literature to the average man and woman is the one art for which no special training, hardly even special aptitude, appears necessary. So is it with the drama. Anyone who can wield a pen and afford to buy sufficient paper and ink seems to consider that his equipment for playwriting is adequate! Our novels show signs of a growing desire to grapple with life and all its problems; our drama daily drifts further from truth. What is asked for are plots which do not violate every law of probability, and characters of flesh and blood, human beings, not puppets. Given these—and when shall we be given them?—the theatre will become part of life and the cry for "literary" drama will be hushed.

It is late in the day to criticise "Monsieur Beaucaire," that admirable example of the "clothes" drama: puppets dancing to old tunes, mimicking human beings. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Lewis Waller will soon be turning his attention to better things; he is too good an actor to waste himself as he is now doing. Those who re-call his excellent acting as Hotspur and in "Julius Caesar" will be glad to see him again in a character more worthy of his parts.

MR. PINERO is apparently of the opinion that novelists are but poor hands at play-writing. Surely he meant to say that novels often enough make but poor plays? Such a sweeping proposition as his cannot for a moment be maintained, as is proved by the mere citation of such names as Victor Hugo, Dumas, Sudermann, Reade, John Oliver Hobbes and Mr. Anthony Hope—not to mention Mr. Barrie! There is no reason why a novelist should not be a successful playwright; many of the gifts for both lines of work are the same: knowledge of life, of men and of women, power to select, ability to depict character in behaviour and in speech; the technique of novel-writing and of play-writing are different, but can surely be born

in or acquired by one person? Moreover dramatists who devote themselves entirely to stage work not seldom "come a cropper," even Mr. Pinero has erred and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is not always successful. Furthermore, many brilliant plays have been written by mere novices, it is not only the "old hand" who can do good work. Much solemn nonsense is talked on this subject as on most others.

AN interesting addition has been made to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Mermaid Series" in the plays—or rather four of them—of Thomas Shadwell, edited with introduction and notes by Professor Saintsbury. Shadwell's only merit to the present generation, for his plays as literature and drama are but poor stuff, is that he gives a striking picture of the modes, morals and manners of his day; of the plays here reprinted, "The Squire of Alsatia" and "Bury Fair" are the most interesting, full of side-lights on the social life of post Commonwealth days, as also is the play-house scene in "A True Widow." Professor Saintsbury can hardly be envied his task of wading through the whole of Shadwell's "curious" productions, but has a first claim upon our gratitude for this handy and scholarly reprint.

BOOKSELLERS Catalogues Received: — Mr. Francis Edwards, High Street, Marylebone (*Australasia, Polynesia, &c.*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Engraved Portraits, Old London, &c.*); Mr. C. Richardson, Manchester (*General*).

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## Musical Notes

THE announcement of a season of English Opera at Drury Lane next year, to run concurrently with that at Covent Garden, is interesting, though it is not altogether easy to understand the expectations of its promoters. Mr. Manners and his company have done excellent work, as everyone knows, but they are surely mistaken in the supposition that they can compete directly with any hope of success with Covent Garden. They can hardly imagine, on the one hand, that such performances as they can give will appeal to the fashionables, while it seems equally unlikely that the general public will be any more readily drawn. The whole project seems, indeed, on the face of it, foredoomed to failure. If such a season of English Opera had been arranged for during the winter, it would have deserved every encouragement and its chances of success would have been considerable. To attempt such a venture in opposition to the regular season at Covent Garden is simply to court disaster, and, what is even worse, to jeopardise the prospect of any more well-considered scheme being started at some future date.

MR. DONALD TOVEY is a highly cultivated and most versatile musician. He composes, he is an admirable pianist, he writes with learning on musical matters. His knowledge is profound and his zeal in the cause of the great masters beyond all praise. In his knowledge no less of the highways than of the byways of the art he could give points to many a German professor, while his catholicity of taste embraces music of all schools. It was interesting, therefore, to make acquaintance with the piano concerto from his pen produced last week, even though one could not, with the best intention in the world, find therein many traces of real creative genius. Certainly Mr. Tovey handles his materials with skill and dexterity, and beyond a doubt the concerto bears witness to lofty aims and indefatigable labour. One might even go the length of conceding that, in the curate's immortal phrase, some parts of it are excellent. Unfortunately too much of that remaining was sicklied o'er with the pale cast of the midnight lamp, so that in the end an impression of desolating siccidity remained. Perhaps smaller forms would still serve Mr. Tovey's purpose better. Listening to his concerto I thought of "A Grammarian's Funeral":—

That low man goes on adding one to one,  
His hundred's soon hit:  
This high man, aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.

But, after all, the question remains whether it is not sometimes better to achieve the humble unit than to strive after the impossible million.

MR. TOVEY announces, I notice, another series of chamber concerts to take place during the next few weeks at the Grafton Galleries, and to begin at "5 o'clock for 5.15 precisely." Both the place and the hour are unusual, but the programmes announced, including a number of works by the concert-giver, promise to prove interesting, and audiences should not be lacking. Mr. Tovey proposes to play, among other things, Bach's Fantasia in C minor, and the six-part fugue from "Das Musikalische Opfer," and Beethoven's "Diabelli" variations; and his choice serves to remind one how easily pianists might better their customary programmes if they exercised like taste and discernment. The sheep-like regularity with which the average run of piano virtuosi make up their programmes year in and year out from the same limited list of works, to the exclusion of hundreds, not to say thousands, which might be drawn on, is at once astonishing and deplorable.

MR. TOVEY is not the first, by the way, who has announced a concert for five o'clock. Some years ago the Bach Society gave a concert at the Queen's Hall beginning at this hour, and possibly there have been other cases. There is, indeed, a good deal to be said in favour of this arrangement, which, if it involves some slight displacement of the sacred rite of five o'clock tea, is certainly more convenient from the point of view of the average male. Ladies, too, can do their shopping while the light lasts, have tea, and go to the concert afterwards. But it is curious how seldom in the ordinary way concert-givers have the courage to depart from the accepted hours in this regard. Occasionally some daring innovator will announce a recital for nine or ten o'clock—Mr. Josef Hofmann chose the former hour for one of his concerts last summer—or invite his patrons, as in Mr. Tovey's case, to drop in after tea; but such instances are never numerous.

In this connection, by the way, a discussion of that eternally vexed question, the proper treatment of the late arrival, has been raised once more on the strength of the gentle intimation of a recent concert-giver:—

Miss Adela Verne specially requests the audience to kindly be seated at 8.30 punctually, as she does not wish to make long pauses between the movements of the Brahms Sonata.

This is one of those questions in regard to which there is truly much to be said on both sides. So much depends upon the point of view. If you happen to be one side of the door while the particular work which you have come to hear is being given on the other, you are more than human if you admit the justice of your exclusion. If, on the other hand, seated proudly in your place betimes, you find your enjoyment of all the earlier numbers in the programme disturbed by the continual passage of the unpunctuals to their places—why, then, boiling oil with something lingering seems a punishment all too mild to fit their particular crime.

ON the whole that is not half a bad solution of the problem which has been suggested by a writer in "The Times." As he points out, this is essentially a case in which there is right on both sides. Because a concert-goer, whose cab has been blocked perhaps in Piccadilly, finds himself a few minutes late, this is no reason why he should be shut out during the whole of a long piece which he has paid hard cash to hear. Therefore he should be admitted. On the other hand, it is intolerable that he should be allowed to annoy by his unpunctuality those who have taken care to reach their places in time. Therefore he should not be permitted to pass to his seat. What then is the solution? Nothing simpler, replies our journalistic Daniel. Let the late ones come in, but set aside a space for them to stand in just inside the doors until the performance in progress has been completed. Then and then only let them take their seats. Institute, in short, a sort of laggards' lobby—a kind of purgatorial precinct for the unpunctual as it were—and thereby reconcile the interests of all concerned. I repeat, the notion has not a little to commend it. But this is not to imply that anyone is in the least degree likely to attempt its adoption.

POOR audiences have been the rule again at most of the concerts given lately. The musicians may pipe, but amateurs seemingly will not dance. It is, indeed, impossible to account for the state of things prevailing just now in this respect. Be they orchestral concerts or chamber concerts, or solo recitals, the result is almost invariably the same—a beggarly array of empty benches. Here and there you encounter a welcome exception to the general rule. Kubelik can still attract—even at the Crystal Palace; Mr. Plunket Greene could never sing without

drawing his admirers. But as regards less famous and less popular concert-givers the situation must be reckoned nothing less than tragic. What is the explanation? One conclusion, at least, seems obvious. That boasted love of music which one encounters now-a-days on every hand is to a large extent pure sham and make-believe. For people really fond of music would certainly not neglect so sedulously all opportunities of hearing it.

"MUSICAL FANTASIES," by Israfel (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), is florid, rhapsodic, dithyrambic. After Thackeray in that immortal essay on "Thunder and Small Beer" one is moved to exclaim "What heights of fine language intirely!" Too frequently after the manner of such writers, Israfel in his attempt to scale the heights falls ignominiously to earth and stumbles into bathos. Also he seems to have a quite singular capacity for using that language and employing those similitudes which of all others are from the average person's point of view the least appropriate to the matter in hand. Ask, for instance, any musician to supply the missing title in the following sentence: "'—' is a musical rose-thicket alive with passionate golden-throated bulbuls and merry velvet butterflies; it has the perfumed beauty of some sunny Persian Paradise whose sinuous tigers are adorable purring pussy cats." Assuredly you might repeat the question till the end of Time before you found one to give you the answer—"Die Meistersinger"!

"ABOUT MUSIC AND WHAT IT IS MADE OF," by Oliveria Prescott (Methuen & Co.), is a pleasantly-written volume whose nature is indicated by its title. The authoress, whose work is dedicated "To the Memory of my Master, George Alexander Macfarren," is apparently somewhat old-fashioned in her tastes and sympathies, so that while Mendelssohn is written of with enthusiasm, poor Wagner is damned with the faintest of faint praise, and Tchaikowsky and Richard Strauss get no mention at all; but what she has to say about the music with which she is in sympathy is readable enough. The work, which is avowedly written "for amateurs," makes no pretensions to originality of research or thought, but will be none less welcome on this account to those readers for whom it has been written. But perhaps one sentence might have been omitted. It occurs in the following passage:—

Abroad Mdle. Holmés, Mdle. Chaminade and others, and in England Virginia Gabriel, Alice Mary Smith, Maude Valérie White, Rosalind Ellicott, E. F. Smyth—and, may we add, the present writer?—have among others done work which has its share of influence in the making of what is now the modern musical style.

How true it is that the world knows nothing of its greatest men—and women.

"FAMOUS COMPOSERS," by Nathan Haskell Dole (Methuen & Co.—2 vols.), consists of readable biographical sketches of various great musicians, beginning with Palestrina and ending with Wagner. Innumerable volumes of precisely the same kind have been published before, so that one knows precisely what to expect under every head, and can predict to a certainty the old old anecdotes which will be trotted out once more. But seemingly the demand for this kind of "book which is not a book," is quite inexhaustible, and Mr. Dole's is at least no worse than scores and scores of its predecessors. Indeed, in some respects it is rather better than many of these, for it is tastefully printed and embellished with some excellent portraits and illustrations, and is written, at least, in English. The author attempts no novel estimates of his heroes, but writes of them fairly and judiciously enough, with a commendable absence of prejudice or bias—and this is a virtue none too common where musicians are concerned—upon the generally accepted lines.

## Art Notes

AT the Portrait Painters show in the New Gallery is what is known as Whistler's unfinished "Rouge et Noir, L'Eventail," lent by Miss Philip, a most interesting example of the truism that with the great worker, in whatever branch of art, no day's end sees an unfinished effort set aside. As far as it has progressed it is finished, harmonious; so complete to the point it had reached as to represent its creator's thought—as far as the thought had been carried on that day—so complete, if only sketched in, that should the master hand never return, it remains a work, not a broken fragment. It was doubtless this feeling which prompted Mr. C. L. Freer, one of America's discriminating collectors, to secure the "White Girl," which is now one of his valued possessions, regardless of the fact that the face is merely indicated.

AMID the general run of mild mediocrity at the New Gallery are still some good and some startling things, notably the bull-fights of M. Yuloaga. The artist has thrown out the flamboyant riot of colour expected of such a scene; his old woman, his boy and his two younger women are types well searched, thoroughly understood, and vigorously painted, but—they are not pleasant.

ONE turns with relief to Mr. Orchardson's pictures, sure of good work and pleasing treatment and subjects. Of the four canvases exhibited, the largest and perhaps the most delightful is the portrait of Sir David Stewart of Banchory, one time Lord Provost of Aberdeen. In colour and composition, as in drawing, there is little to be desired, only that the background is not just as restful as it might have been.

SIGNOR MANCINI is represented by his usual amazing thickness of paint and beauty of colour. Professor Max Liberman presents a mud-coloured portrait of himself from which, somehow, he emerges with something of triumph. But when we come to the "Gladstone" of Professor von Lenbach, we have a painting worth serious consideration. The picture is keen, sure, showing a most searching understanding of his sitter. It is sometimes a little hard, and oppresses one with a sense of too much insistence on exact points, but it presents Mr. Gladstone on canvas as he looked and as he felt. It is this which holds one before this portrait and draws one back to it, while masterly flesh tints and perfection of tone give that harmony which permits one to thoroughly enjoy the whole picture undisturbed by a jarring note.

IN the current "Burlington" Mr. Berenson continues his series of articles on Sassetta, and while the illustrations continue most attractive and interesting, it must be confessed that the long descriptions grow a little tedious. The reproductions from Gainsborough, Hoppner and Raeburn are well worth having, and the inevitable illustrated comparison between Whistler and Rembrandt is welcome.

THE "New Amsterdam," a theatre soon to be opened in New York, is a remarkable departure in the architecture and decoration of public auditoriums. The general scheme has been carried out along the lines of the "Art Nouveau," and in its details has been influenced by a large number of the most prominent American artists. A large group of statues over the main entrance



is the work of George Grey Barnard, who has chosen as his subject "The Stage." "Drama," an heroic centre figure, holds in one hand a mirror, in the other a mask; a draped baldachin above the figure represents the stage, and from the feet of Drama stretch entwined garlands of flowers and fruit, among which are dim creatures of folk-



Illustration from "Light and Water."

lore and fairy-tale. Beneath this group is the key-stone of the building in bold relief, on which, surrounded by garlands of oak, ivy and laurel, is a Florentine shield, in which is carried the escutcheon of the theatre. To the right and left of the portal are columns of Sicilian marble foliated in gray and white and belted with bronze. The bronze caps, modelled by Miss Enid Yandell, support heads typifying the several ages of Drama. Higher up on the façade are three groups representing the Dance, Declamation, and Song. The façade rises 150 feet. The auditorium is in a scheme of delicate green, relieved by mother-of-pearl and mauve. The foyer is surmounted by a leaded glass dome, designed to represent "The Song of the Flowers." The auditorium is wholly devoid of pillars or other structural obstructions, the galleries being sustained on the cantilever principle. Some of the artists represented are R. H. Perry, Hugh Talent, Robert Blum, Wenzel, Peixotto, Yandell and Anderson, whose panels represent ancient and modern New York and Greek, Roman, and even Pre-historic drama, with a long frieze in the lobby, illustrating the Shakespearean and Wagnerian drama.

In "Light and Water: A Study of Reflexion and Colour in River, Lake and Sea," by Sir Montagu Pollock, Bart., issued by George Bell and Sons, we have a book valuable to the art student, and light and fascinating reading for the man or woman who takes even a casual interest in the why and wherefore of shadows and reflexions in drawing. The illustrations, of which we print a specimen, are simple and instructive, and the letterpress, while scientific, stops short of anything too technical for a school boy.

SCULPTURE is to be one of the great features of the St. Louis Exhibition. At the time of the Chicago Exhibition, ten years ago, there was probably in the United States less idea of sculpture, of consistent architecture, or of fine decoration, than in any other civilised country

in the world. In the west and middle-west the popular idea of architectural beauty was size; in decoration it was colour, with plenty of gold leaf, and in sculpture it was stone images. But the management of the Chicago Exhibition was able to insist upon securing the aid and co-operation of competent advisers in the various branches of art represented, and while the result may not have been perfect, it was almost wholly harmonious and in good form. The public, with the desire for culture which is almost a mania with Americans, seemed at once to realise the beauty and superiority of the whole scheme, and from then until the present the progress in every section of the country has been enormous, especially in the desire to know and to understand art in sculpture and in architecture. The effect is seen on every hand throughout the country—in the great centres, in the small towns, and in all national structures. For the St. Louis Exposition arrangements have been already made for upwards of 250 groups of statuary, comprising 1,000 figures, and all under the most expert supervision. The "Louisiana Purchase" section, for instance, which celebrates the acquisition of large southern and western territories from France, has secured the services of Mr. Karl Bitter as chief of sculptors, with an advisory committee made up of Messrs. John Q. A. Ward, Augustus St. Gaudens and Daniel C. French, all men of international

reputations, and most of them of a type which not very long since had difficulty in obtaining serious consideration in their own country.

"BARTOLOZZI AND HIS PUPILS IN ENGLAND," by Selwin Brinton, M.A., published by A. Siegle, price 1s. 6d. net. In this delightful little book we have a most excellent collection of prints from the master, and we are reminded of many things. I wonder, for instance, how many of us know, or remember, that Bartolozzi lived and worked in Warwick Street, Golden Square, in the very centre of busy London? And I wonder how many of our American friends who visit London and dream over the associations of old buildings, give an hour to this one-time home of the man whose works, reproduced in every possible form, are coming to mark almost a fetish in American artistic imagination? To write a book on this man to-day, when so much is said and known of him, is a little bold, but in this case we have in complete, cheap, convenient form, well indexed and nicely printed, what may prove a guide.

MESSRS. DENT (New York: McClure, Phillips and Co.) have issued the ninth number of their edition of the collected works of William Hazlitt (7s. 6d. net), this last volume being some lengthy and rather high-flown discussions dealing with the principal picture galleries of England, and with a journey through France and Italy, together with miscellaneous essays on the fine arts. The book is thick and heavy to hold, but the contents possess a certain sprightly personality which holds the reader and leads by pleasant paths through much sound criticism. The essay on the Elgin marbles and the criticism of Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" are gems, and in the voluminous notes is an almost invaluable fund of information. The volume, although never possible as a popular favourite, must remain a valuable possession, to be kept as a treasure and read as a recreation.

IN "Thomas Gainsborough" (7s. 6d. net), by Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, Messrs. George Bell and Sons have furnished another of the careful, intelligent, painstaking works which mark the literary and artistic activity of this author, whose books on Reynolds and Wilkie will be remembered with so much pleasure by readers of this class of work. The author has sought to popularise the paintings of Gainsborough, and in his effort to bring the reader into close touch with the artist as a man, has told, simply and sympathetically, the tale of his life, from his birth in the modest little home in Sudbury to his death in a wing of the great Schomberg house in Pall Mall.

IN "The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems," by William Morris, published at 5s. net by Mr. John Lane, the binding and illustrations alone make a volume well worth owning. Miss Jessie M. King, who drew the pictures, is so close a disciple of Aubrey Beardsley as to seem almost a copyist; a copyist of the best kind, since in remaining a true student of drawing and of the peculiar "line" of her master, she has rendered her fancies sweetly and pleasingly, as becomes the subject. Each picture is in itself a fine piece of decoration, and despite the strange curves and composition, she has neither lost sight of her poetic inspiration nor drifted into caricature.

AT Messrs. Duveen's galleries in Bond Street is a fine old Flemish tapestry panel, executed in 1480 from a scriptural subject after a design by John Van Eyck. In the same room are also some interesting Gobelins, dated about 1730, from drawings by Le Febvre. The colours are in most excellent condition, the deep crimson showing wonderfully fresh and brilliant. In another room of this gallery is a piece of Gobelins measuring twenty-five feet by twelve feet. This represents an episode from the life of Roland, and is believed to date from about 1740.

THE Duveen galleries also contain some fine statues, formerly the property of the Duke of Hamilton; some rare old Chelsea, a collection of most attractive snuff-boxes of rare design and workmanship, and a few miniatures of very considerable value. The interesting fact that this collection of popular *objets d'art* is permitted to remain in this country is doubtless explained by the financial stringency just now affecting American patrons of this class of work, which may not be pleasant for the dealer, but certainly adds to the pleasure of the mere lover of the beautiful, and makes an aimless stroll up Bond Street replete with possibilities of enjoyment.

I PUT down with a sigh of regret "The Art of James McNeill Whistler," the joint work of Mr. T. R. Way and Mr. G. R. Dennis, published at 7s. 6d. by Messrs. Bell and Sons. Through 123 pages the reader is conducted past 52 reproductions of the master's most representative works, the lecture never tedious, never prosy, and always in good taste. Dedicated to Lady Seymour Haden, Whistler's sister, the preface explains that had the artist lived a short while longer the proof sheets of this book would have been laid before him. The biographical matter is of the very slightest, the writers confining themselves to the task of dealing, as the title suggests, with the art of Whistler, and leaving to Mrs. Pennell and M. Théodore Duret the more complete study of the individuality of the man which we are promised in their forthcoming books.

"SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS," by A. Lys Baldry (Geo. Newnes, Ltd.) is rather a disappointment, as the binding and paper promised much, but the reproductions from Reynolds's paintings, while most complete and informing, are in many cases not well printed.

## New Books Received

(Continued from page 536)

### FICTION

"Honor Dalton," by Frances Campbell Sparhawk (Revell), 6/0; "Barbe de Grand Bayou," by John Oxenham (Hodder and Stoughton), 6/0; "Follow the Glean," by Joseph Hocking (Hodder and Stoughton), 3/6; "The Haggard Side," by the Author of "Times and Days" (Longmans), 5/0; "The Chameleon," by Clarence Forester-Walker (Digby, Long), 6/0; "Two Sides of the Face," by A. T. Quiller Couch (Arrowsmith), 6/0; "Gutter Tragedies," by G. S. Paternoster (Treherne), 6/0; "Under Cheddar Cliffs," by Edith Seeley (Seeley), 5/0; "The Castle of Twilight," by Margaret Horton Potter (McClurg), 5/0; "Cherry," by Booth Tarkington (Harper), net 2/6; "The Light in Denda Wood," by Thomas Dagless (Greening), "Anthony Everton," by J. S. Fletcher (Chambers), 2/0; "Dr. Lavender's People," by Margaret Deland (Harper), 6/0; "Their Child," by Robert Herrick (Macmillan), 2/0; "The Motor Private," by G. Sidney Paternoster (Chatto and Windus), 3/6; "The Lost King," by Henry Shackelford (Brentano); "The Well of Santa Clara," by Anatole France (Carrington); "Loyal and True," by Lillian O. Hume (C.E. Temperance Society), 1/0; "Lead, Kindly Light," by Rev. W. R. H. Pughe, M.A. (C.E. Temperance Society).

### JUVENILE

"A Puritan Knight Errant," by Edith Robinson (Jarrold), 3/6; "One Day," by Edith Farmiloe (Richards), 6/0; "Chris Cunningham," by Gordon Stables (Shaw), 5/0; "West Point Colours," by Anna B. Warner (Nisbet), 6/0; "On the Winning Side," by Sydney C. Grier (Shaw), 2/6; "Our Darlings," (Shaw), 5/0; "Sunday Sunshine," (Shaw), 1/6; "Little Frolie" (Shaw), 2/0; "Bravely Won" (Shaw), 3/0; "Under Two Queens," by E. Everett-Green (Shaw); "Saint Jack," by E. Harvey Brooks (Shaw); "Nature's Painting Book" (Dean); "Some Old Nursery Friends," by John Hassall (Dean); "The Louis Wain Kitchen Book" (Treherne), 1/6; "Toby and His Little Dog Tan," by Gilbert James and Charles Pears (Hodder and Stoughton), 6/0; "Did You Ever?" by Lewis Baumer (Chambers); "Little Miss Sunshine," by Gabrielle E. Jackson (Jarrold), 3/6; "Walsh the Wonder Worker," by G. Manville Fenn (Chambers), 5/0; "The Sunset Rock," by May Baldwin (Chambers), 5/0; "Peter the Pilgrim," by Mrs. L. T. Meade (Chambers), 3/6; "The Magic Forest," by S. E. White (Macmillan), 6/0; "The Beatrice Book," by Ralph Harold Bretherton (Lane), 6/0; "The Little People," by L. Allen Harker (Lane), 5/0; "Marjorie and Benny," by B. Kemp (Nelson), 1/0; "For King or Empress?" by Chas. W. Whistler (Nelson), 3/6; "The Gayton Scholarship," by Herbert Hayens (Nelson), 1/6; "In Jacobite Days," by Mrs. Henry Clarke (Nelson), 5/0; "Under Which King?" by Hubert Rendel (Nelson), 2/6; "The Young Crusader."

### NEW EDITIONS

"The Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife" (Methuen), net 3/6; "The House of Usona," by Fiona Macleod (Mosher); "Lyrics," by Arthur Symonds (Mosher); "The Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats (Mosher); "Thrawn Janet Markheim," by R. L. Stevenson; "The Dead Leman," translated from the French by Andrew Lang and Paul Sylvester; "The Legend of Madame Krasinska," by Vernon Lee; "Some Great Churches in France," Three Essays by William Morris and Walter Pater; "Maurice de Guérin," by Matthew Arnold; "Eugénie de Guérin," by Matthew Arnold—six volumes in box (Mosher); "Danesbury House," by Mrs. Henry Wood (Hodder and Stoughton), net 0/6; "The People's Christ, and other Sermons," by Charles Haddon Spurgeon (Hodder and Stoughton), net 0/6; "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin," (Hutchinson), net 1/0; "The Conduct of Life," by Ralph Waldo Emerson (Bell), net 1/0; "Elements of Religious Life," by William Humphrey (Baker), net 0/0; "In Memoriam," by Alfred Lord Tennyson (Bell), net 2/0; "The Odes to Horace" (Bell), net 2/0; "M. Aurelius Antoninus" (Bell), net 2/0; "Silas Marner," by George Eliot (Cassell), net 0/6; "Hakluyt's Voyages," Vols. I. and II. (Maclehose), each, net 12/6; "The Case Against the Protective Taxation of Food and Raw Material" (Unionist Free Food League), 1/0; "The Original Chronicle of Andrew of Wyntoun," edited by F. J. Amour, Vol. II. (Blackwood); "The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by Sherwin Cody (McClurg), net \$1; "The Best Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe," edited by Sherwin Cody (McClurg), net \$1; "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Brown, Langham & Co.), net 1/6; "Primitive Culture," by Edward B. Tylor, 2 vols. (Murray), 21/0; "Decadents," by H. A. Bulley (Greening), 3/6; "Sweet Hampstead and its Associations," by Mrs. C. A. White (Elliot Stock), net 7/6; "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey," by Wm. Wordsworth, illustrated by Donald Maxwell (Lane), net 1/0; "The Adventures of Romney Pringle," by Clifford Ashdown (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Shadow of the Czar," by J. B. Carling (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "Barnaby Rudge," by Charles Dickens (Ward, Lock), 0/6; "The Groundwork of Psychology," by G. F. Stout, M.A. (U.T. Press), 4/6.

### PERIODICALS

"Scribner's," "Printseller," "Isis," "Critic," "Current Literature," "Biblot," "American Antiquarian," "Papyrus," "Art."

## Foreign

### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Genée (Rudolph), A. W. Schlegel und Shakespeare  
(Berlin: Druck und Verlag von Georg Reimer) 1\*50 marks

### ART

Rosenthal (Léon), La Peinture Romantique.....(Fontemoing)  
Fontaine (André), Conférences Inédites de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture.....(Fontemoing) 4 fr.  
Fontaine (André), Essai sur Le Principe et les Lois de la Critique d'Art  
(Fontemoing) 6 fr.

### PERIODICALS

"Altpreuussische Monatschrift, neue Folge"; "Der Neuen Preussischen Provinzial-Blätter, fünfte Folge"; "Herausgeben von Rudolf Reiche."  
(Königsberg in Pr.: Verlag von Thomas & Oppermann)



## Brieux, the Social Dramatist.

**A**PPROXIMATIONS are recognised even in mathematical calculations, and to all intents and purposes it is safe to hazard the statement that ninety-nine out of every hundred playgoers in England frequent the theatre for amusement only; the evolution of modern drama in this country is therefore in the hands of the successive century units, aided by the dramatic critics, and retarded by the censor. This coterie of men who seek to extend the sphere of dramatic art is, under existing conditions, confronted with many problems, but none more difficult of solution than the question as to whether the exposition of social evils on the stage is contraband or legitimate; foremost in the ranks of the few playwrights who have ventured to deal with social degeneration with plan and purpose stands Eugène Brieux, who is acknowledged by his countrymen to be one of the leading French dramatists of the day.

Brieux belongs to the School of Naturalism, which numbers among its disciples Jean Jullien, Pierre Wolff, Léon Hennique, George Ancey and Camille Fabre, all of whom owe their artistic life to Antoine, the peculiar genius who founded the Théâtre Libre in October 1887, a theatre which was but a room in the sordid Passage de l'Elysée des Beaux Arts at Montmartre. In this little room realistic drama drew its first breath in France; conventions were swept aside, the adventures of everyday life usurped the place of decadent dramatic situations, and fatalistic plays, wherein the first act anticipated the crisis, gave way to plays in which the characters spoke for themselves through the medium of their own souls' adventures. This school of realists had many faults, but it looked social life straight in the face, honestly recording what it perceived; in later years Brieux soared far above his contemporaries and became a critic as well as a reporter, but he would be the first to resent any attempt to erase his name from the registers of the early School of Realism.

Brieux made his *début* with "Blanchette" and "Ménages d'Artistes," the former dealing with the problem of popular education and the latter with art; the possible evils of communistic life ruthlessly attacked by the dramatist in his subsequent works are science in "L'Evasion," universal suffrage in "L'Engrenage," charity in "Les Bienfaiteurs," justice in "La Robe Rouge," and fast living in "Les Avariés."

An opportunity of witnessing a performance of "Les Bienfaiteurs" is to be afforded to playgoers this season by the English Théâtre Libre—the Stage Society. The play deals with two phases of modern social life which are occupying the attention of our leading philanthropists and politicians: the reconciliation of capital and labour, and the decrease of pauperism. When this drama was produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Lemaitre in his criticism remarked, "Je crois que cette comédie, nettement morale et vigoureusement satirique plairait beaucoup à un public anglais," and there is little doubt that his prophecy will be fulfilled. Rumour has it that Brieux will himself be the guest of the Stage Society on this occasion—with eager anticipation we await drama and dramatist.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

## Correspondence

## Life and Literature

SIR,—Contact with intelligent and seemingly well-educated people who take little or no interest in the literary movements of the day is startling, giving rise to the question, "Are the love of

and interest in literature confined to a select few?" There are many such persons who, even if they know the names of the leading men of letters, are unacquainted with their works, and the reason for their ignorance is not far to seek. The literatures of the past that have lived through the ages have always been the outcome of the national life. The aspirations of a people have breathed through the pages of poets, dramatists, and historians. Poetry becomes a mere plaything in the hands of those who are not in touch with the storm and stress of their day, and history is in reality but a section of sociology. The men and the actions and the growths of previous centuries can only interest the larger public now in so far as they explain the present state of nations and of peoples, providing material for the right understanding and solution of the problems of the hour. Serious dramas that are not either founded upon intimate knowledge of human nature or that do not deal with the actual affairs of the human soul soon fade into neglect, becoming literary curiosities and subjects for the student. Do not these considerations answer the question as to why so many men and women to-day care little or nothing for literature or the drama? History has shown a tendency to become pedantic or to deal only with side issues; poetry stands aloof from the life of the people; the drama is hide-bound with conventional unreality; even works of fiction are too fictitious, few writers of novels coming to close grip with real life. The journalist is rapidly usurping the functions of the man of letters, to the detriment of the public taste and not to the betterment of the English tongue. Literary men and critics deal with literature as a thing apart from life and everyday interests. Is it that we are growing effete, over-educated, over-refined, too precious—to use an abominable word—in our attitude toward books? Toward, in fact, all the arts, for painting, sculpture, architecture, all show the same tendency to become the interest of a "set," and not the voices of a people.

There are indeed symptoms of better times to come; Mr. Rudyard Kipling has dared to sing of the realities of a certain section of life; through Mr. Conrad's work breathes a fresh air of strenuous reality; Mr. Whiteing has written one notable novel, drawn from life; and there are a few others. *Belles lettres* flourish, but they must always be food for the few educated palates; the hunger and the thirst of the multitude are unappeased, unprovided with pure food, satiated with deleterious make-believes.

The only hope for the future of English literature is that the life of the day shall find spokesmen.—Yours, &c.,

A HUNGRY READER.

## Russian Books in England

SIR,—In your issue of 31st ult. you state that the great cost of printing and paper in Russia, together with other charges, combine to render the purchase of Russian books a luxury to the majority of readers. In the interest of students of the language I feel I must ask for your kind permission to correct this statement. Paper and the cost of publication in general is cheaper in Russia than in England, and the prevailing custom of issuing books in paper covers in Russia further reduces the comparative retail price of publications. The ruling prices of ordinary novel-sized works of leading authors such as Boborikin, Grigorovitch, Gorki, Dostoyevsky, Zhoukovsky, Tolstoy, Tourgenyev, Tchekhov, &c., &c., are 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per volume—Rs. 1 to Rs. 1.50—about. By subscribing to a St. Petersburg illustrated weekly journal, "Neva," at Rs. 12 or 25s. per annum, delivered in England, monthly, ordinary sized volumes may be secured, free of extra charge, of the works of all the noted Russian authors. If this fact were more generally known perhaps a greater desire to read Russian authors and dramatists in the original might follow, and we might probably then meet with better translations into English from first hand instead of the diluted unsatisfactory renderings that we usually get from intermediary languages.—Yours, &c.,

Anglo-Russian Literary Society,

Imperial Institute,  
London, S.W.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH,

Hon. Sec.

## The Late William Freeland and Mr. Canton

SIR,—In the notice of the late William Freeland in the current ACADEMY it is erroneously stated that it was "during an engagement at Elgin he met William Canton . . . and through Mr. Freeland's influence Mr. Canton became a journalist." It is true

that Mr. Freeland's brief absence from Glasgow in the late 'sixties created a vacancy on the literary staff of the leading journal in that city, and led to the abandonment by Mr. Canton of the teaching profession and the adoption of journalism and literature as his vocation; but Mr. Freeland, who was only a few months in Elgin as editor of the local "Courier," did not meet the author of "The Invisible Playmate" in that northern town, in which, some years later, it may be recalled, Professor Saintsbury for some time conducted a school. In his select list of minor poets published a dozen years ago Mr. Traill included William Freeland, who in 1882 gave to the world a volume of verse, "Birth Song, and Other Poems." Mr. Neil Munro, in a memorial tribute to Freeland, justly remarked "that a spirit so sweet should come unscathed through forty years of active journalism, with all that that implies of disillusionment, of futilities, of vain material things, was proof of a rare and inflexible character."—Yours, &c.,

105, Choumert Road, Peckham, S.E.,

JOHN GRIGOR.

Nov. 11, 1903.

### Naughty Heroines.

SIR,—Your correspondent Mrs. L. T. Meade, in announcing the interesting fact of her predilection for naughty heroines to charm the readers of her novels, has set a novice like myself wondering with dismay. I had an idea that the conventional heroine of fiction, appealing to a host of women whose interest in the serials of the hour is always a breathless excitement and an abiding joy, was always distinguished for goodness and for those supreme virtues which no breath of calumny could ever tarnish. I even imagined that these happy and innocent heroines in their unresting struggle through many verbal difficulties and ill-constructed periods to attain lofty ideals of life and conduct—as long as conjugal vows chastened thought—might indulge in harmless indiscretions, innocuous flirtations, or in a hundred light peccadilloes more interesting than dangerous.

Alas! sir, my beliefs have received a rude shock. The virtues of naughty heroines have been extolled and adored by a well-known novelist. This has saddened me.

Of course Mrs. L. T. Meade surrounds these heroines with limitations. They have an exclusiveness of their own. We are told that they "must only be naughty in a certain way." This way is not explained as it might be; anyhow, it is not an ordinary, but a patent naughtiness; a subtle something like a flower's scent or bloom. These heroines, also, must not be "sly or vindictive," but always "fearless and above board." Naturally then, these excellencies of character might take the edge off naughtiness and even detract from it, and surround the heroine with immaculate goodness; a pattern card of a heroine for the admiration of puzzled humanity.—Yours, &c.,

ISIDORE S. ASCHER.

[The writer seems not to have noticed that Mrs. L. T. Meade was writing of GIRLS' BOOKS, not of novels.—Ed.]

### "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

### Questions

#### LITERATURE

GENERAL.—In 1838 Greenwood brought out Vol. I. of the "County of Kent" in his "Epitome of County History." There are so many places in Kent not alluded to in this volume that one might fancy "Vol. I." implied, notwithstanding what is said at the end of the book, a further volume was to come. If, on the other hand, it meant subsequent volumes were to deal with other counties, can any one tell me if other volumes did appear?—Sir Egerton Brydges says in his "Censura Literaria" (Vol. II, page 187) that "Albion's England," by Warner, was first published in 1586, and that there "were several intermediate editions between that and the edition of 1602." Anthony Wood says in his "Athenae Oxoniensis" (Vol. I, page 334) that he thinks the second edition came out in 1606. What is the correct version? I have a copy of the 1602 edition. I see Mr. H. Farguharson Sharp in his "Dictionary of English Authors," while giving up page after page

to novelists, bestows not a word on Warner.—I have a copy of the first edition of Pryne's "Histrio Mastix" (1633); a copy of this was sold in July or August last. Can your readers tell me if any other copies of this are known? From "State Trials" it appears all copies were ordered to be burnt.—Having a copy of the extremely rare edition of "M. Vitruvii Pollionis de Architectura," Amstelodami, apud Ludovicum Elzevirium, 1649, I should be glad to know if the edition published by Ferrant, Paris, in 1672, is considered as good in respect to the figures.—I have a little Elzevir in duodecimo of the year 1653, entitled "Conciones et Orationes," &c. Was another edition published at the Elzevir Press in 1672?—Is the edition of Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne" of the year 1837 considered one of the best?—K. M.

THOMAS MAY, author of a History of the Parliament of England, 1640-43.—What editions of this writer's works are obtainable?—Anon.

ARTHUR SKETCHLY (George Rose), creator of "Mrs. Brown."—Are his works still in print? Was any biography issued; if so, when and by whom?—D. C.

SARTOR RESARTUS.—Diogenes is of course the author, but—putting aside "shots"—have the originals been determined of "The Rose Goddess," "The Zahdarms," "The Toughguts," &c.?—Sidney.

"THE FIVE NATIONS," Kipling.—Elucidate.—E. G.

"THE TWO CORBIES."—Where is this anonymous ballad to be found?—D. B.

MORE.—Have I found a literary coincidence, or am I merely fogging a dead horse? In a charming little book of essays by Max Beerbohm, "More," 1899, there is a quaint paper entitled "An Infamous Brigade" protesting against the dire work of the fire brigade in putting out the beauty of a fire. Now turn to the beginning of de Quincey's "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." There you will find the same idea from the lips of S. T. Coleridge. Does not Mr. Puff in Sheridan's "Critic" say something about two great men having the same thought, but Shakespeare happened to think it first?—J. S. B.

#### QUOTATIONS WANTED.—

What is the origin and context of the often quoted phrase, "Sleeping the sleep of the just"?—W. W.

"This lurid interspace of world and world  
Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind  
Nor ever falls the least white star of snow."—W. H. G.

"The spirit breathed from dead men to their kind."—S. R. H.

"IT IS ONLY PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."—The surviving journalists of the last generation are very fond of using this quotation. Who was Pretty Fanny? And whence the quotation?—S. S.

#### ART

PIRONESI.—I should be glad to know of any books in English giving full information as to the life and work of the Italian architectural draughtsman—Pironesi. I know only of the reprints of his engravings published by Messrs. Spon.—Walter H. Godfrey.

#### GENERAL

"SNECK POSSET."—What is the origin of this curious phrase, which apparently means to turn a man out of the house?—Curious.

SIR JULIUS CÆSAR, Judge.—Where can I obtain any details of his ancestry?—T. T.

"LEAVE IN THE LURCH."—What is a "lurch"?—Q.

"GALWAY JURY."—Where can I find the explanation of this term?—J. J.

### Answers

#### LITERATURE

"LYCIDAS."—  
But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

If a word may be permitted in connection with "C. S. Oakley's" interesting suggestion as to these lines, I should like to express my agreement. But surely the lines are more than a "periphrasis for Death." They are the concluding sentences of the lament of S. Peter for the loss of so promising a Shepherd; and the earlier part is an almost complete rendering of S. John, x, 1-15. The retributive instinct in Milton's theology combines the coming of the true Shepherd "by the door" with the victorious entry of a purer system which, like "the sword of Michael . . . with huge two-handed sway brandish aloft," descends with vengeance on the unfaithful. For minute analogies see Masson's treatment of the point.—S. C.

"THE TWO-HANDED ENGINE."—I thought that the generally accepted meaning of this difficult phrase was the Parliament to which in 1637 Milton looked as the avenger indicated by "the pilot of the Galilean Lake"; but it certainly seems a promiscuous interpretation. Mark Pattison says, "Pass onward a little, and you are in the presence of the tremendous 'Two-handed engine at the door'; the terror of which is enhanced by its obscurity. We are very sure that the avenger is there, though we know not who he is." Your correspondent's suggestion about the living gullotine has a tragic power that is well worthy of attention.—F. S. Hollings.

#### QUOTATION FOUND.—

"A BOLT FROM THE BLUE."—The origin of this seems to be Horace, Odes I. xxxiv.—

Igni corusco nubila divdens  
Plurimque, per purum tonantis  
Egit equos volucrumque currum.

So startling a divergence from ordinary law was of the nature of a sign from heaven:—"Wherefore, I confess the gods do interfere in the affairs of men." It is perhaps doubtful if the proverbial phrase in English can be traced to its first employment. In the Oxford English Dictionary, in the midst of much interesting lore concerning "bolt" and "blue," the phrase stands as illustrative of similar uses. A German equivalent is "Wie ein Blitzstrahl aus blauen Aether," and an Italian, "Come un fulmine a ciel sereno."—S. C.

#### NOTE

##### THE BELL BUOY.

The spent deep feigns her rest,  
But my ear is laid to her breast,  
I lift to the swell—I cry.—KIPLING.

Saepe exanimata procellâ  
Assimulat somno componere marmora Tethys;  
At mea pre gremio prostratior auris; anhelat  
Lene, ab anhelanti sublatius in aethera plango.  
—C. S. Oakley.



